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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO



PORTRAIT OF A MAN
by
The "Master of Moulins"

September 1924

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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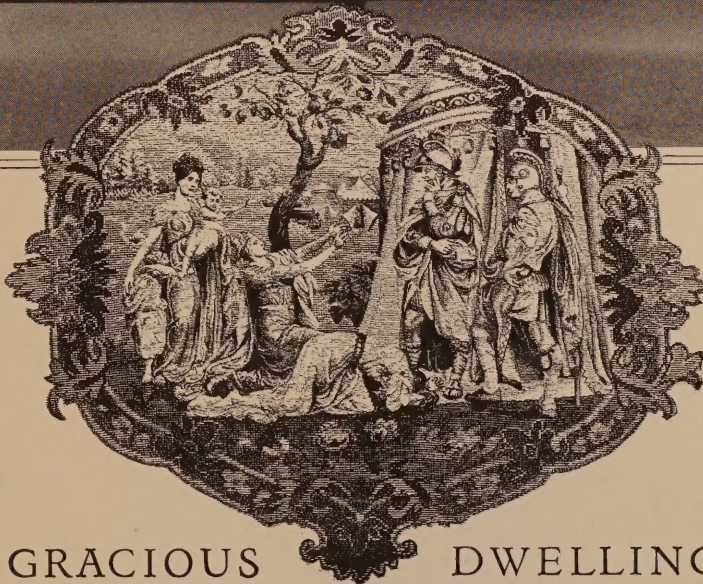


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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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TWO ENGLISH FAN PAINTERS

THE SALIENT differences between the work of the fan designer of the eighteenth century and that of the artist of today are to be explained by the fact that, whereas the former

was employed upon the embellishment of an article intended for actual use, the latter has solely a decorative aim in view, choosing the fan form merely on account of the fascination of its shape and not because of its adaptation to purpose. In the majority of instances he would in fact feel himself distinctly aggrieved were it suggested to him that the delicate painted silk, vellum or parchment should be marred or even

*George Sheringham and
Mary Davis carry on the
traditions of this exquisite
art form*

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

cracked by being stretched and folded upon fan-sticks. He has selected the form as a means of achieving an effective wall decoration, much in the same way as the Italian Primitives elected to

express mural frescoes of religious subjects in the form of lunettes. To them an architectural feature such as a circular window or a rounded arch to a door suggested decoration in a curved form with two straight lines at the side to complete it. The fan artist, so far from finding the semicircular excision at the base a difficulty which his composition must circumvent, discovers that on the contrary it lends to it an added grace,

"THE BLUE MARKET"

FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"LA MARQUISE"

FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

provided of course that the design be originally dictated in accordance.

At first glance the deliberate choice of the fan form may seem to imply an unnecessary limitation to which the artist must conform, since it renders it incumbent upon him to bow to a somewhat arbitrary outline and to "fit in" his grouping with greater nicety than is involved within the ordinary picture frame. What then is the reason for this self-imposed limitation? The answer lies in the peculiar grace, the indefinable elegance which is inseparable from this particular combina-

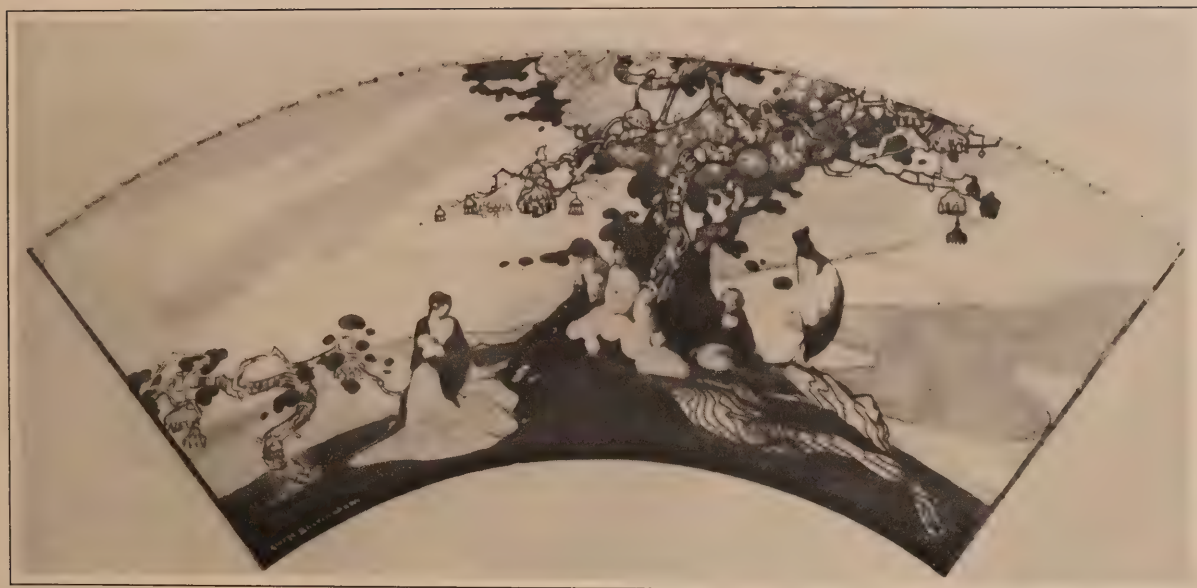
tion of curved with straight lines. When the form is exploited in a series of designs displayed on the walls of a room it acquires a greatly enhanced decorative value. Hence its vogue at the present day among collectors who like to turn their art acquisitions to valuable esthetic account.

The fan form does not confine its limitations to a mere question of composition. Although it imposes no restrictions as to choice of theme it turns a disapproving eye upon the realistic, the actual, permitting only the most successful of results when the author affects the imaginative,

"ON A SOUTHERN BALCONY"

FAN BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM





"THE SIESTA"

In the collection of Edmond Davis, Esq.

FAN ON VELLUM BY GEORGE SHERINGHAM

the dreamy, the unreal. The two artists with whose work I am dealing in this article observe this restriction each in their several ways. George Sheringham is a designer whose work is impregnated with the glamor of the Orient, the Orient not of the P. and O. liner, but the Orient of *The Arabian Nights*, of Scheherazade and of *Salammbô*. Mary Davis, on the other hand, goes to the eighteenth century of Watteau and his school for her inspiration, conferring on her themes the graceful charm that savors of elegancies undisturbed by the cold realities of existence. There is the sound of the spinet, the tinkle of the harpsichord heard faintly and afar off.

Mary Davis is a pupil of the late Charles Conder, the fan artist whose delicate drawings on silk, lightly finished off with rice-varnish, formed a feature in what has been called the "renaissance of the nineties," when a more spiritual aspect of art was making a valiant effort to emerge from the smug, prosaic era of Victorianism. Her work reflects to a certain extent the influence of this past master in the art of making "trifles thin as air" as significant in their way as more ambitious achievements. But it is invariably individual in expression and of a personal graciousness. Deliberately planned effort is conspicuously absent; she fits her theme to her spaces as by instinct. Note, for example, the fine appropriateness of the little seated figure on the right side of the base of "In a Garden," the ease with which the figures in "Here are Ladies" are posed. There is in her work none of that painful piling up to pyramidal form which to fan designers of less mastery appears to be the inevitable solution to fan composition. In its place is a natural balancing of

masses, a feeling for the grouping suggested by the rather flattened ovals which she so often affects in preference to the definitely semicircular form. That balance is neatly exemplified in the "Two Mothers" in which the problem of the intervening space between the celestial and the human mother and child is cleverly solved by the straight vertical lines of the glimmering candles that keep the whole welded and intact. In addition their soft mystic light sheds over the idyll a tender, elusive glamor.

The color plate of "Masques and Bergamasques," a fan design by Mary Davis of which the original hangs in the Tate Gallery of Modern Art in London (Mrs. Davis boasts the distinction of being represented by her fans in a great number of public galleries in many quarters of the globe), illustrates both her use of cameo (or medallion) ornaments and also her employment of striped and daintily ornamented backgrounds. Some of her most decorative effects are gained by means of a groundwork suggestive of the elaborately woven silks in which ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette loved to array themselves. Others are lightly speckled and spangled in gold and silver. But nowhere does she permit herself to lose the intrinsic silkiness of the surface. The color is invariably lightly applied. She realizes that her finely ribbed silks provide her with a sympathetic medium such as no other material can offer and she is not inclined to nullify their gift by overpainting. In many instances, as, for example, in that of the black and white fan with the Greek motifs, portions are kept untouched, and allowed to participate unpainted in the general design.

I have said that it is the eighteenth century



"HERE ARE LADIES"

In the National Gallery, London

FAN BY MARY DAVIS

with its dreamy unreality, its artificial elegance, that interests Mary Davis. But she may also take an excursion as far forward as the nineteenth century of Dickens' day and still succeed in capturing the essential spirit of her theme. Her "Dickens" fan, inspired I know not by which of

the novelist's masterpieces, seems to combine the dominant characteristics of many.

To travel backward from the days of the seventeen hundreds to those of Haroun al Raschid does not, from the esthetic point of view, imply so far a cry as at first appears. For in both there

"THE TWO MOTHERS"

FAN BY MARY DAVIS





"A DICKENS FAN DESIGN"

BY MARY DAVIS

is to be found a similar indolence, a similar feeling for life lived from the decorative point of view, the same insistence on elaboration of the accessories of existence. Whether the little turbaned slave or the wondrous lacquer furniture is located in Bagdad or *Le Petit Trianon* is inessential. The latter may have had no harems, yet the lovely ladies that flitted across the stage of Lancret and Boucher were in type not so unlike the Zobeides and Amines who sweetened the days of vizier and caliph. Hence it is not surprising that George Sheringham, whose fan design, "The Ballet Scene from Salammbo" (in the possession of Mrs. Walter Reid), has the elaborate grace of some exquisite illuminated Persian manuscript in its rich, jeweled splendor, should prove himself equally in the spirit of his theme in "La Marquise" with its Rose du Barry glow enveloping the elegancies of the lovely aristocrat and her setting. All is clear, limpid, down to the last ribbon upon her gown, yet in the fluid wash there floats over the whole that nebulousness which fan design at its best inevitably effects. This artist is peculiarly skilled in his massing of a number of small figures upon the stage. In the "Blue Market," a design in the ownership of Mrs. Churchill of New York by whom it was purchased at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition of the fateful year 1914 (it passed the ensuing five years buried in the cellars of the Louvre!), one finds the close horizontal treatment in which he is particularly successful. The forms pass as in some dreamlike procession across the

line of vision against a background rich in the atmosphere of an Oriental bazaar.

In the possession of that modern Mæcenas, Lord Howard de Walden, are both "Poissons d'Or" and "The Feast of Virgo," each drawn with that small semicircular arc opening, so often chosen by this artist. "The Feast of Virgo" is carried out on a ground of deep blue with accents of gold and of red; the "Poissons d'Or" has a ground of ivory tint acting as foil to the various combinations of gold, black and white in which the goldfish are carried out. These fish, like the flowers, the architecture, and even the costumes that figure in George Sheringham's fans, are not based on actual forms, but are figments of the artist's fertile imagination. His "Paradise Bird" is more of the Oiseau-de-Feu-Russian-Ballet type of creature than one to be found in an aviary at a zoological garden. This work, which relies for its effect to a large extent on the deft contrast of ivory ground with brilliant color, is in the possession of His Honor, Judge Evans. One sees Sheringham in quite another mood in "The Siesta" and "On a Southern Balcony," in which he can have traveled no farther south than Seville for his inspiration. In both he introduces forceful lines to "keep up" the composition and strengthen its parts. Nowhere are the limitations of the form neglected; all subserves it without loss of effect. For in the opinion of this designer, "limitation is the essence of art." There can be no great art without it.

THE "MISTERY" OF SILVER

THROUGH the recent acquisition by a New York collector of thirty examples of rare silver of the thirteenth to eighteenth centuries from the famous Swaythling collection of

England the art treasures of the United States are increased in a field in which it has been sadly lacking and this particular collection now becomes one of the half-dozen really great American assemblages of antique silver. The renowned Swaythling collection of ancient silverware, from which these pieces came, had been during many years one of the notable attractions for the cognoscenti at that great treasure house of craftsmanship, the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, where it was loaned for purely educational purposes. In this wonderful collection one saw expressed in pure and gracious forms the matchless beauty of a half forgotten craft anciently termed the "mystery" of goldsmiths. In modern times the crafts of goldsmithing and silverworking have been greatly slighted through a grievous lack of general knowledge concerning the practical application of the arts in trade so that the educational value of Lord Swaythling's treasures are a consideration of importance.

Post-war financial troubles forced a variety of unexpected liquidations abroad and among others the epoch-marking auction of old silver in England, at which these new American treasures were acquired. These unusual and opportune purchases were desirable from a patriotic point of view because American art has special need of unquestioned masterpieces representative of quality in other days to help establish and preserve

Half-forgotten craft illustrated by rare examples of ancient art newly come to an American collection

William Laurel Harris

high standards among our twentieth-century designers and artisans. This need of unquestioned standards is particularly apparent in those forms of decorative design that find expression

in that queen of metals, sterling silver.

The superlative artistic qualities of silver are only beginning to be appreciated in the United States and, strange as it may seem, many of our artistic leaders are as poorly informed concerning the great silver workers of other days and their superb achievements as are any of the artistically unwashed of *boi polloi*. In Medieval and Renaissance times when art was on a more natural basis the successive master craftsmen of the goldsmiths' guilds were the most important artists of the varied periods in which they lived. They were greatly respected by their fellow citizens and the traditions of their "mystery" were long and honorable. As we all know, innumerable books have been written regarding the painters and sculptors of the historical periods, so that even our school children know the names of Alessandro

Botticelli, Andrea Verrocchio, the great Ghiberti, Donatello, Lucca della Robbia, Brunelleschi, Francia and Lorenzo di Credi. But few people realize that all these famous men and the majority of their accomplished fellow artists and creators of great things were first of all trained as goldsmiths and workers in the varied precious and semi-precious materials. The appellation of goldsmith was always used until comparatively modern times to designate artists and craftsmen expert in silver working as well as in smithing gold.

In writing about artistic silver one is confronted at every

FRENCH SILVER CHALICE, DATED 1228. THE BOWL WAS LINED WITH GILT TO PROTECT IT FROM THE ACID IN THE WINE



turn by words that are now misapplied, misunderstood or are carrying a modern meaning that is often quite the reverse of that current during the heyday of the varied decorative trades and crafts. Not only did the term goldsmith signify a silver worker, but the golden cups mentioned in ancient inventories and wills very often were in actual fact silver cups gilded or possibly merely "parcel gilt." The silver heirlooms from the Swaythling collection include many rare and exquisite objects that still preserve more or less of their original gold finish. In some instances, as with the chalice illustrated with this article, the gilding was applied for purely utilitarian purposes, it being intended to protect the surface of the silver from the corrosive action of the acid in the wine during the ceremonies of the Mass. This exquisite old piece of Gothic craftsmanship from France was designed and wrought in the early thirteenth century. One reads in a quaint inscription of mixed Roman and Lombardic characters engraved on the bevel of the foot "AD. HONOREM. B.

ELIZABETHAN TANKARD AND COVER, LONDON, 1561. THE CUP IS MADE OF OX HORN



JAMES I STANDING CUP AND COVER. THE BOWL OF THE CUP IS AN OSTRICH EGG. LONDON, 1623

MARIE. VIRGINIS. F. BERTINUS. ME. FECIT. Ao. MCCXII." The knop is cast and chased in openwork showing richly wrought foliage combined with the fanciful forms of characteristic Gothic dragons. Such a splendid souvenir of Medieval art is a rare asset for America.



ELIZABETHAN SALT CELLAR, LONDON 1599. SILVER-GILT WITH SIMPLE STRAP-WORK AND FLORAL ORNAMENTATION

Among the Swaythling heirlooms there were a few exceptional works of art from France, Italy, Germany and the Low Countries, but by far the most precious things were representative of the Early English periods. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times all works of art were singularly picturesque and the goldsmiths of that distant period were most adroit in combining unusual materials in gracious ways with their highly wrought masterpieces of sterling silver. Horn, coconut shells, marble, crystal and alabaster were familiar resources for the craftsmen of the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and reflected that growing curiosity concerning oriental lands and exotic climes that spurred our forefathers toward their great discoveries on the distant seas.

As often seems the case in the greatest undertakings, men were heroic and successful because of their great illusions. The discoverers of America firmly believed in the Island of Amazons, the Fountain of Youth, The Seven Golden Cities and El Dorado, while Adrian Van der Donck, our own historian in the early days of Manhattan, wrote positively that unicorns and griffins were found in the wild lands beyond the Hudson River. Many of these curious ideas and universal illusions found expression in old English silver and add immeasurably to its picturesque charm and beauty. Unexpected substances like tropical nuts and ostrich eggs figured largely in the decorative designer's art during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Such materials were often given a romantic reputation far beyond that guaranteed by actual fact through the prevailing lack of scientific knowledge concerning the world in which we live. Almost any child in school today has a better knowledge of geography and natural history than was then possessed by men and women of high position and undoubted culture. An ostrich egg, for instance, was commonly called a "grypey" or "grype's" egg. The word "grype" being used to designate that fabulous creature we now call a griffin and generally believed in at the time Manhattan was first settled. These ancient egg shells were much more fragile than other materials used with silver, so that very few have survived the vicissitudes of time, but one rare piece was purchased by the American collector and illustrates this article. This ostrich egg cup, mounted in silver gilt, is Jacobean in character, dating from 1623, and is superbly handsome in craftsmanship and design. The cover of the cup is also of ostrich shell, and as a decorative finial above the shell we see a charming figure of Minerva holding a shield and banner. On one side of this banner we can read in excellent engraving "THE 4 OF OCTOBER 1577, MR. JAMES STOPES CAME TO BE Or. PARSON," and on the other side is seen depicted the figure of Mary Magdalene. About the lip of the bowl is clearly written "THIS CUPP WAS GIVEN TO MR. JOHN STOPES, OUR PARSONNS SONNE BY THE PARISHIONERS OF THE PARISH OF ST. MARY MAGDALENS IN OR NEERE OLD FISH STREETE LONDON FOR HIS PAINESTAKINGS WITH VS BY HIS OFTEN PREACHING WITH VS, HOPING THAT HE WILL SO FRIENDLY ACCEPT IT AS WE MOST FRANCKLY AND WILLING MEANE IT. THE FIRST DAYE OF JANUARY, 1623."

One may take as another delightful example of curious materials successfully used with silver gilt the quaint and charming Elizabethan tankard pictured in another illustration. The cup of this old tankard is made from the large part of an ox horn, adroitly fashioned for its purpose. This delightful old piece displays a sumptuous artistic skill in working silver combined with an unpretentious and homelike quality that would mark the work as essentially Elizabethan even if it did not bear the London hallmark for 1561. With the guild mark and date is also seen a stamped fleur-de-lys, the signature of a famous sixteenth-century craftsman named William Dyxon. Horn was then the favorite material for drinking cups because all horn was thought to possess in some degree that magical power of the unicorn's horn for detecting or neutralizing deadly poisons. In fact many of the old horn cups were confidently catalogued in wills and inventories as being made from the horn of unicorns.

The Elizabethan salt cellars were always beautiful and among numerous striking reminders of what fine craftsmanship for table furnishings really was in the days of Shakespeare we find several of these precious and very domestic works of art. These souvenirs of the English goldsmith's skill are worthy of the greatest praise and are to be now admired with the Swaythling heirlooms domiciled in New York city. The salt cellar shown in our illustration is delightful in its unpretentious charm and is from the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, being dated with the London hallmark for 1599. This piece is lovely in its colorful tones of old and time-worn silver gilt, with all the strap work and floral ornamentation picked out on a matted ground. A more ornate salt cellar is shown in the next illustration. This masterpiece of early English decorative work is also of silver gilt and was made about 1582 in or near the town of Exeter.

One of the distinctive pleasures of studying old silver from an historian's way of thinking, is the confident assurance concerning dates and people always obtainable through the guild marks and inscriptions indicating without question or peradventure the exact sequence of historical styles in art. All the other branches of decorative design are subject to doubts and more or less discussion when it comes to outlining exactly the changing styles and fashions marking the ups and downs of national achievement. But for centuries every piece of silver was passed on by the doyens of the guilds and was stamped with the Guildhall's



ELIZABETHAN SALT CELLAR. EXETER, CIRCA 1582

seal and date, and bore the artist's signature or symbol. In all countries the goldsmiths' guilds were more closely supervised by the government than any of the other crafts and trades because the value of sterling silver was closely bound up with all financial reforms and the prosperity of trade and commerce. As a direct consequence of the intrinsic value of the materials used in all their undertakings the silver workers were recognized men of substantial worth and guaranteed integrity, as well as inspired artists of varied talents.

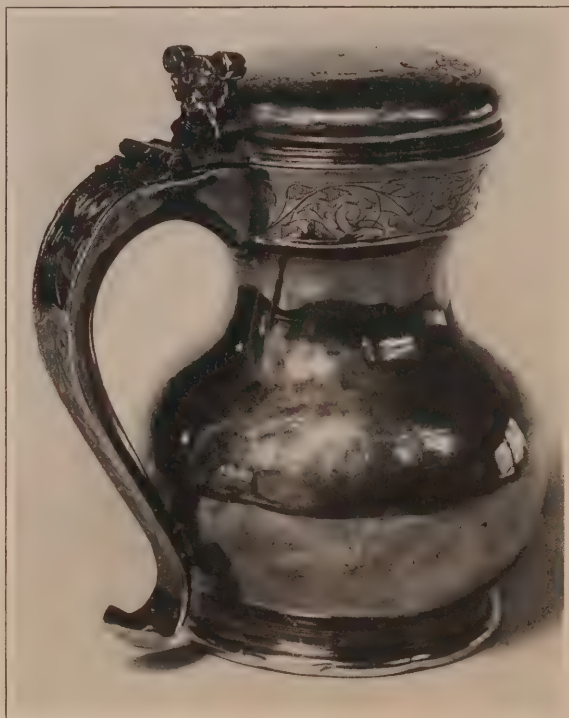
From the early part of the fourteenth century on down to modern times, the goldsmiths of both France and England were regulated severely and the guilds made constant and elaborate efforts to kill out all dishonest practices among the silver-workers or their selling agents. Edward III of England in the year 1327 gave letters patent to the London guild incorporated under the name of "The Wardens of Commonalty of the Mistery of Goldsmiths of the City of London." The intentions of this act were to regulate the sale of works of art in silver, to assure the election of those able and honest men best skilled in the trade to rule it, reform it, and punish all offenders who for selfish gain countenanced unfair or dishonest competition. It was also a part of the provisions of the law that representative men should be sent up to London from the country towns "to be ascertained of their touch of gold, and there to have a stamp of a puncheon of a leopard's head marked upon their work as it was anciently ordained." This last clause clearly shows that Edward III in

1327 was not an innovator establishing a novel regulation, but was reforming and reviving a traditional and time-honored arrangement. Later on in the fourteenth century provincial guilds were evidently established in England, as we read of goldsmiths at Durham, Newcastle and other places, while spoons "made at York" are mentioned in a North Country will of 1366. Though very few pieces of hall-marked plate existing today were made before 1500, authentic dates for earlier works of art in silver are usually available on account of the general custom of engraving names, dates and expressions of sentiment or devotion on gifts and commemoration objects, such as the Gothic chalice referred to at the beginning of this article. This desire for definite and self-explanatory inscriptions on silver is as ancient as the art of silver working, dating back

to a very early period of Egyptian art, and is generally in evidence on Greek and Roman table furnishings.

The selection made from the heirlooms of Lord Swaythling, brought to America by this collector, gives a fascinating insight into the rapidly changing English ideals and styles during the momentous periods of Elizabeth, James, Charles I, the Commonwealth and the short but merry period of the Restoration. One of the most treasured pieces of all is the Queen Mary tankard

and cover, simple in design, yet very gracious in its forms and lines. Such a charming masterpiece from the sixteenth century, if better known among our American designers, might easily have a decided influence on our native handicrafters and manufacturers. The simplicity of its pattern and the very great charm of its well chosen decorations give this old piece of silver a unique quality of distinction and makes it harmonize in a peculiar way with our modern trend in taste. This diminutive tankard of silver gilt, only six inches in height, was stamped in London with the



QUEEN MARY TANKARD AND COVER, LONDON 1556. ONE OF THE FINEST AND RAREST PIECES PURCHASED BY THIS COLLECTOR FROM THE SWAYTHLING COLLECTION.

hall-mark for 1556, and also carries the artist's seal in the shape of a stag's head. The original possessor's initials, W. W., are engraved on the centre of the cover with the date of 1556. This exquisite and yet substantial work of art was mentioned in a very matter of fact fashion by the will of Dr. Wright, Archdeacon of Oxford, who died in 1561. In his will that eminent divine described this piece as a "cup and cover worth from nine to ten pounds." This good old archdeacon would have indeed been amazed if he could have listened to the bidding at Christie's when this tankard was auctioned off.

When this particular collection of the finest antique silver is better known and its value to America appreciated, our artists and designers may well receive renewed inspiration from its priceless treasures.

FURNITURE *of Historic* TYPESVII. *The Regency and Louis XV*

THAT GREAT PERIOD known as the Renaissance, the re-birth of the arts and letters, which, born in Italy, spread like a blaze of sunlight on a dark valley over the whole of Europe, reached its peak in the eighteenth century, after having slowed up for nearly one hundred years, tired by the great pace at which it had led the world for more than two centuries. Once again we saw not only in France but also in England and even Italy the marvelous phenomenon of a whole people drunk with the desire for culture and artistic knowledge. And it was a genuine love, this eighteenth century feeling; it was no affectation nor desire to emulate the example of others. Once again, particularly this time in France, art ruled *en maitresse* and it was the king's most renowned favorite, Madame de Pompadour, who ruled the arts, and lent her own wide culture and innate taste to their cultivation.

In the matter of furniture and what we call

When flamboyant design in ornament and cabinet-making reflected the spirit of the times

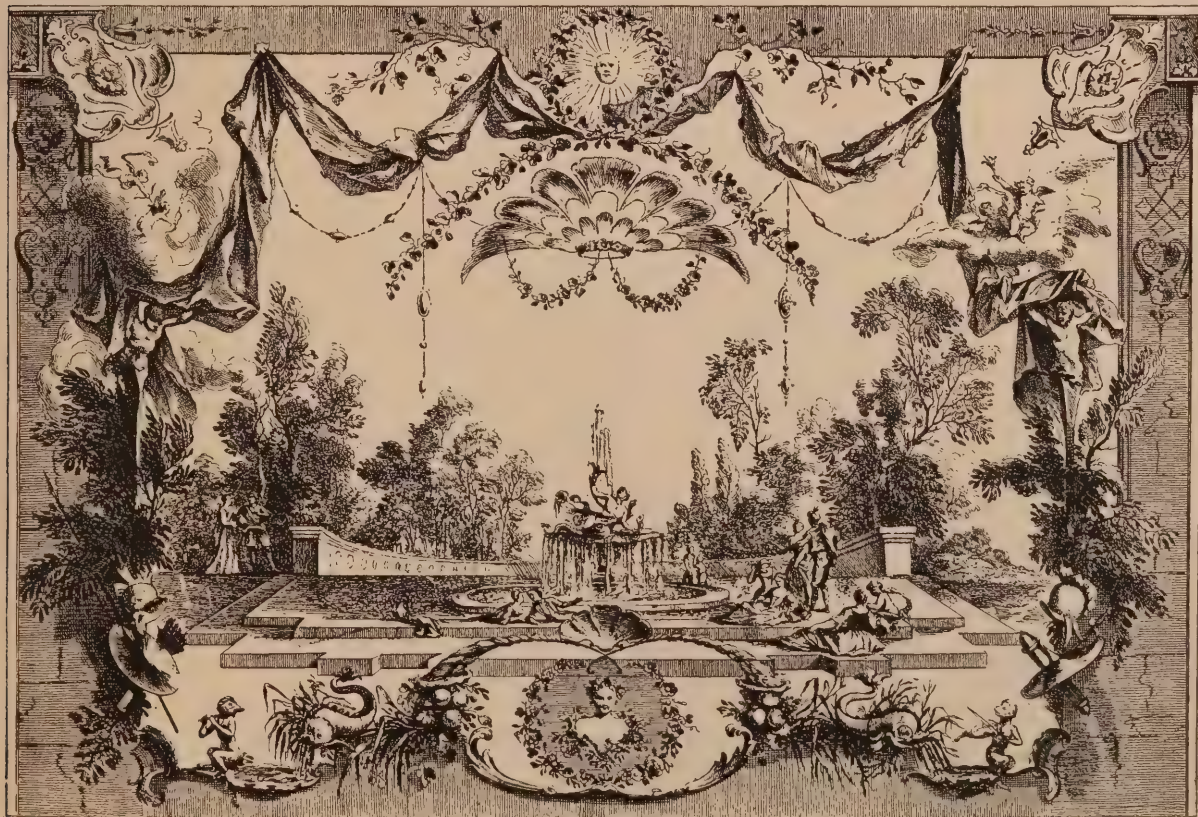
Major Arthur De BLES

today "interior decoration," there was, however, a change of sentiment. During the Renaissance furniture itself was mainly architectural in design and even construction while the rooms also

were decorated with architectural motives and ornaments borrowed from the antique, either almost purely classic as in the case of Florentine work or adapted as in that of Venice and of France. In the earlier Renaissance, pictures were rarely used for decorative purposes on walls. *Cassone* were embellished, of course, by the brush, frequently, of the greatest masters of the *Quattrocento* and the *Cinquecento*, but though biblical and other religious subjects were the usual form taken by these *cassone* paintings—for marriage is one of the chief sacraments of the Catholic Church—yet many of them were ornamented with secular subjects, such as the chase, the tourney, and such appropriate themes as the courts of love at which the troubadours of the day vied with each other

DESIGN FOR A DECORATIVE PANEL

BY WATTEAU





LOUIS XV COMMODE IN PARQUETRIE

BY OPPENORDT

in devising rhymed romances. Occasionally, in commemoration of some important event, a painting referring to it would be used as part of the decorative scheme of the palace or villa of some great noble or wealthy merchant. A noteworthy example is that of the two famous Botticelli frescoes in the Louvre, which were painted to the order of Giovanni dei Tornabuoni, the uncle of Lorenzo dei Medici, *il Magnifico*, to celebrate the marriage of his son Lorenzo to the daughter of another great Florentine, Giovanna degli Albizzi. But these are the necessary exceptions to the general rule.

Now in the eighteenth century, by which generic term the French *amateurs d'art* mean the reign of Louis XV, including the Regency, all the arts including the graphic and plastic were impressed into the service of those who made a great Art out of what had been for a century past an utilitarian profession. Painters, metal-workers, sculptors, masters of marquetry and of the manufacture and decoration of porce-

lain, weavers, all joined the cabinetmakers proper in creating such a wealth of artistic beauty for its own sake as has left France with an almost inextinguishable reputation as the world's leader in art up to the present day. Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard, Lancret and Pater, J. B. Huet, Hubert Robert, the Van Loo family and the earlier Vernets painted wall-panels, over-mantels, *dessus de porte*, screens, and designed tapestries for Beauvais and Aubusson chair and settee backs; Cressent, Oppenordt, Robert de Cotte, Meisssonier, Gouthiere

and the most famous of all, Jacques Caffieri, designed and executed those remarkable ormolu mountings which are so characteristic a feature of Louis XV furniture; Oeben and Riesener, masters of inlay and marquetry, divided the honors with such famous cabinetmakers as Garnier, de Cuvilles, Latz, Hedouin, Filleul, Dautriche and Pineau in the designing of cabinets and corner-cupboards with par-

REGENCY CHAIR, CARVED AND GILDED. FLORENTINE



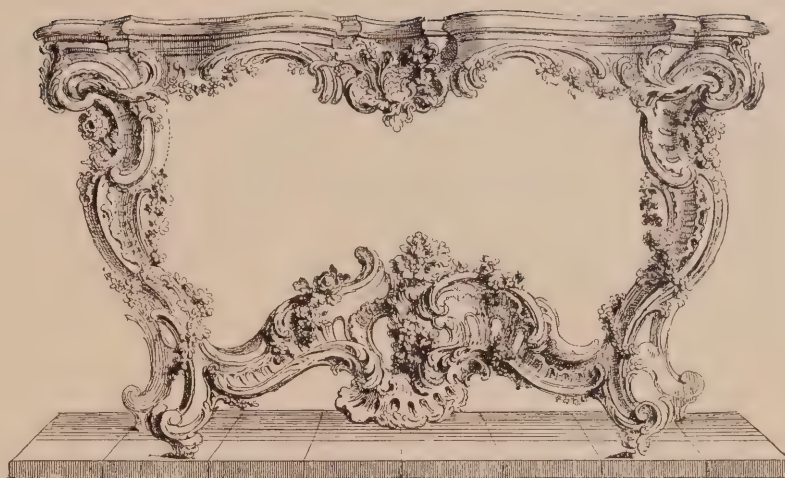
cupboards with parquettéd panels, enriched with exquisite marquetry of colored and scorched precious woods. All through the reign, Chinese porcelains were mounted magnificently in ormolu by the greatest masters, while at the end of the reign, Wedgwood and Sèvres plaques were inserted into the furniture as an integral part of its decoration.

Madame de Pompadour led in that intense love of Chinese porcelain, the queen of all the applied arts, which procured for her country many of the finest pieces in existence, and also induced the king to purchase a third share in the Sèvres factory, thus contributing greatly

both to the excellence of the wares produced and to their reputation at home and abroad. What is known as the Pompadour period in Sèvres porcelain runs from 1753 to 1763. In 1760 the Manufactory of Sèvres became a royal appurtenance, with "the exclusive privilege of making every description of porcelain . . ."

As I pointed out in a previous article the main motive behind the royal munificence of Louis XIV as regards art patronage was the desire for the enhancement of his intellectual glory just as along other lines he craved military fame, emulating Caesar to such an extent that practically all the equestrian statues of Louis le Grand depict that monarch in the armor of ancient Rome, and one of the chief architectural ornaments is the body-shaped cuirass and the grieves of the Roman legionnaires. But with the Louis XV epoch an altogether different note was sounded. Louis the Well-Beloved was only five years old when in 1715 his great-grandfather died and left the succession in his tender hands, to be steered until the boy's majority by his uncle, the Duke of Orleans. Perhaps it was because he sensed the ephemeral quality of his tenure of office as regent that the dissolute Philip did his utmost to destroy much of the great fabric of statecraft, so laboriously built up by the *Roi-Soleil*.

Instigated to all manner of debauchery and excesses by his favorite, Cardinal Dubois, Philip of Orleans set out to promote gaiety in court circles, where in the last years of Louis XIV's reign there had been nothing but dignity and respectability. Art became the means to an end, the end always being pleasure. There was no longer any thought of the greatness of France, and that devil-may-care spirit which pervaded the court under the Regency was reflected clearly in the creation of art forms as light as itself, the emanation of brains drugged with sen-



DESIGN FOR A CONSOLE TABLE

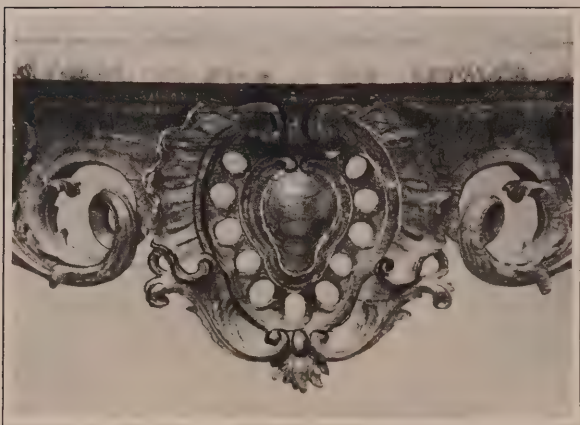
BY J. A. MEISSONIER

suality, careless of precedent, and totally oblivious to the effect of their behaviour upon the fair name of France. The great nation of Louis XIV, inspired by Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, had become the plaything of a modern Heliogabalus and the laughing stock of the civilized world. The Regency was then only a transition style to the extent that it exaggerated that love of curvilinear contours which is typical of the first half of the eighteenth century as a whole. Its exaggerations, for they were not developments, were frothy and artistically meaningless; floral motives were scattered everywhere as though France had no higher ideals than flower-strewn walks. Nymphs and satyrs, troops of bacchantes with the gross Silenus on his ass, gallant rendezvous—the Embarcation for Cytherea—were the favorite

subjects of artists both for easel pictures and for decorative purposes. And, as always when an art form is built upon sand, when it is devoid of meaning, French *ébénisterie* broke out into such a flurry of bad taste as has rarely been seen in the art history of the world. Such appalling examples as the console table illustrated here were reproduced in a thousand equally bad or worse cases. The term *rococo*, which originally was nothing more than a combination of the names of the two most distinctive motives of the style *rocaille* and *coquille* ("rockery" and "shell"), has

LOUIS XV CHAIR WITH CANE BACK AND SEAT

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art



ABOVE: LATE REGENCY CARTOUCHE. NOTE SYMMETRICAL CONTOUR



RIGHT: PURE LOUIS XV CARTOUCHE WITH ITS TYPICALLY ASYMMETRICAL OUTLINE

fallen into such contempt that it is used to express anything showily meretricious and in bad taste.

Nevertheless, despite the devastating influence of the regent and his set, the famous group of the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*, the firm hold of the previous style with its solid classical foundation and its conscientious workmanship, both in design and execution, anchored to some extent, at least, the innate better taste of the French nobility and gentry. They have never given way for long before a rush towards the bizarre, and so we find in furniture designed for the staid, usually the greater, houses, much of the restraint of the late Louis XIV style but with the visible effects of the normal evolution into another style where comfortable showiness was to replace dignified splendor. It is this type of Regency furniture which has the greatest interest for us for it is the usual type found in America either in genuine examples or good reproductions. The more bizarre pieces were made for the royal palaces where they are still to be seen, pitiful witnesses to the blind following of fashion, for their formerly admired beauty is invisible to our eyes, and we only see the wasted form of an ancient court favorite, a sort of *Belle Heaumiere* in furniture. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has several Regency pieces of the better type, and it is interesting to note how, in the early part of the Regency, say from 1715 to about 1719, the chief characteristics are those of the Louis XIV style while later these dis-

appear and the pure Louis XV motives and contours take control. We find first and foremost the stretcher not usually diagonal now, but in the shape of two double swan-necks, with a large pointed rosette at the centre. And these early Regency chairs are quite distinctive for they are very small, giving an impression of height, with a small square seat and back, both caned and with this stretcher, which always appears too low and too large, in fact quite unnecessary in so exiguous an article of furniture. The back panel is usually well separated from the seat, upheld by two supports, somewhat in the manner of Hepplewhite shield-backs, is small again and square in general shape though its contour is serpentine with rounded corners. Loose flowers carved in high relief are strewn about the woodwork and the

centre ornament both of the cresting and the apron is almost invariably a bunch of flowers. A sort of heavy reed, sprouting upward-pointing spikes, is a feature of Regency design and we find the typical Louis XIV shell everywhere in those first years of the minority of Louis *le Bien-Aimé*. Sometimes, though rarely, it is used as the centre ornament of the apron and cresting, but when it is the chair belongs to the years closest and to the end of the previous reign.

From the beginning of the second decade of the eighteenth century the Louis XV style proper began



CHARACTERISTIC LOUIS XV FAUTEUIL, UPHOLSTERED IN BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY AND WITH LOOSE SEAT CUSHIONS. NOTE THE SHORT STOCKY LEGS



LOUIS XV BUREAU WITH MARBLE TOP, HANDSOMELY DECORATED WITH ORMULU MOUNTS AND MARQUETRY
Courtesy of Goldschmidt Galleries

to develop. The chairs and tables are still high on their legs, and floral ornaments still abound, but the stretcher disappears and the shell changes from its naturalistic into a more conventional form, more like the shell crowns of Renaissance *mascarons* and grotesques than those of the Louis XIV style. Again the volute motive, which we saw as a single curve derived from the sectional view of the shell, began its progress toward the double-braced volute which characterises the Louis XV type. It was this period which saw the most outrageous exaggerations of the *rococo* style in the hands of such men as Jules Aurèle Meissonnier to whom bi-lateral symmetry was anathema and who displayed extraordinary ingenuity in producing balance of mass, in excellent composition, but in completely asymmetrical contour. That point is an important one for it may be laid down as a rule for guidance in the distinction between styles that the Louis XIV style and that of the early Regency are bi-symmetrical whereas in the very late Regency and the actual reign of Louis XV the lack of parallel ornament is noticeable everywhere. For the floral or modified shell motive in chair crestings and valances a very typical asymmetrical ornament was substituted and that motive illustrated in cartouche form here is to be found as commonly as the shell in the pre-

vious mode. Chair legs became quite short and stocky and the very much broader seats were filled with heavy cushions such as were also used in England in the reign of Queen Anne. Where tapestries of either Beauvais or Aubusson were not used for the upholstery of chairs and settees a rich red satin damask was habitually employed while the woodwork of the seats was gilded.

In the matter of tables, commodes, desks and such articles the carving of the wood itself which was general in the previous reign was replaced by the application to the finely grained mahogany and rosewood of brilliantly executed "bronzes," to use the French idiom, or *ormolu* in our term. This is not a universal rule as witness the carved wood console illustrated here. But as in England so in France, the woods employed in the eighteenth century were chosen for their grain and color rather than for their workability in carving. Walnut had been the medium in which all the great French wood-carving had been effected since Gothic days and those of that great master Hugues Sambin of the Renaissance school of Burgundy, and the tradition of walnut carving was maintained to the middle of the eighteenth century. But when tulip-wood, king-wood, acajou and amboyna became popular and were set in parquet patterns on the façade and sides of



BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE COMBINATION OF PARQUETTED TULIP WOOD AND ROSE-WOOD, WITH ORMOLU MOUNTS
BY CAFFIERI

cabinets and commodes and the fronts of desk drawers, the cabinetmakers felt the need of a relief medium with which to connect the florid curves of the contour with the rectilinear inlay. So the great metal workers were impressed into service and decorated the large surfaces and angles with more or less ormolu according to the quality and extent of their own good taste. Caffieri over-ornamented everything he touched though the quality of his "bronzes" is unequalled by any of his contemporaries or successors. He was imbued with that decadent spirit in art which had caused the death

END OF A TABLE BY PIERRE BERNARD AND C. P., C. 1770. THE "ESPAGNOLETTES" IN THE MANNER OF CRESSENT WERE VERY POPULAR DURING THE REIGN OF LOUIS XV



of the Italian schools of painting. His technique ran away with him. Cressent very frequently was as bad, but his hand was lighter, as a true Frenchman, and his introduction of those charming female half-length figures in contemporary costume, known as *espagnolettes* and inspired by Watteau, gave him a right to claim indulgence from us for other sins of commission.

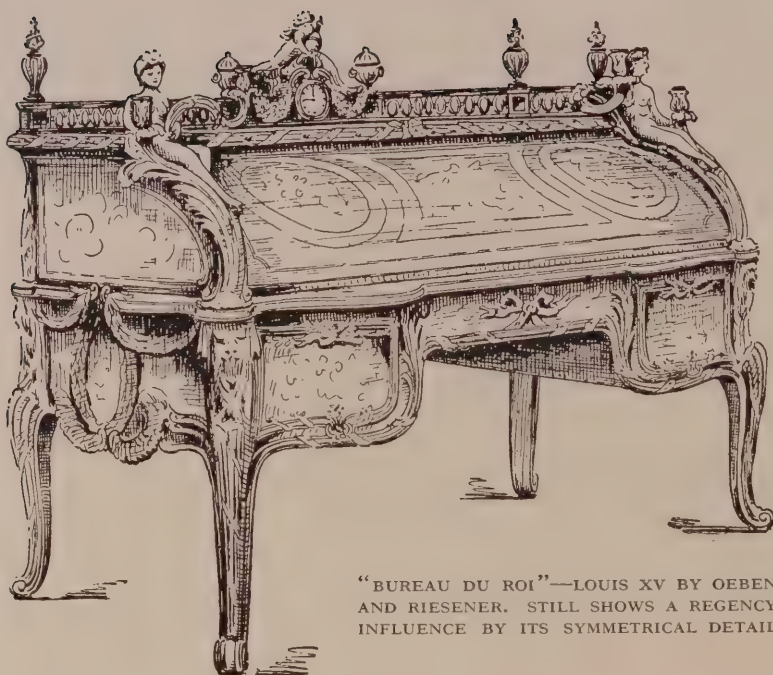
One of the most famous pieces of Louis XV furniture in existence is the magnificent *Bureau du Roi*, kings writing desk, in the eighteenth century galleries in the Louvre. The cabinet work was begun by Oeben in 1760 and completed



LOUIS XV COMMODE BY PLATZ OF ACAJOU AND AMBOYNA MARQUETRY OF FLORAL DECORATIONS AND GILT BRONZE. NOTE THE ASYMMETRICAL ARRANGEMENTS IN BRONZE

by his pupil Riesener, who after his master's death married his widow and carried on his business, some nine years later. It is one of the first pieces in which the extreme rococo taste of such men as Meissonnier, Oppenordt and Caffieri began to show a decline, and a return to a more normal and better taste announced itself. The sides, cylindrical top and the back are superbly decorated with marquetry designs in the best style of Riesener, who preferred dark woods, such as tulip, rosewood, holly, maple and laburnum for his wreaths and other inlay patterns, whereas that other great *marqueteur* of the period, David Roentgen, used lighter woods which he dyed and scorched so that they always have a forced and unnatural effect, still one more manifestation of the prevalent meretricious taste. The ormolu mounts of the *Bureau du Roi* are by Hervieux, Winant and Duplessis, three Frenchmen who were to be among those destined to help kill the insidious monster which for so many years had vitiated the soundly-grounded national *bon gout*. Cressent himself was a Frenchman born into the tradition, the son of a sculptor and grandson of a cabinet-maker, and the exuberance displayed by him in

many of his bronzes was doubtless inspired directly by the Regent and his satellites. That in spite of this influence he kept his feet on the ground is proved by the tasteful beauty of his *espagnolette* corners, even though some of his bronze-covered cabinet work is hard to forgive. But like the Japanese whose intellectuality bears a very close analogy to that of the French, in the temperamental quality both of their keen appreciation and their criticism, the French are always willing to accept ideas from other peoples, on condition that in them they find or believe they find an improvement on those already in existence among themselves. And as French taste in general was at this time not at its customary high level a number of foreign workmen came in and almost destroyed what remnants were left. The Slodtz Brothers, half Flemish, half Italian, Meissonnier, in spite of his French name entirely Italian, born in Turin; Caffieri, also of pure transalpine descent, all helped to push France along the downward path, though individually they were all such remarkably skilful masters of the technique of their profession that the public is apt to "enthuse" over the detail, while failing to



"BUREAU DU ROI"—LOUIS XV BY OEBEN AND RIESENER. STILL SHOWS A REGENCY INFLUENCE BY ITS SYMMETRICAL DETAIL

realize the awful taste of the ensemble. And then, towards the end of the reign, sanity showed signs of an approaching return. The mad search for bizarre curves which characterizes the majority of Louis XV furniture grew less and less intense; the saying that there is not a straight line to be found anywhere in the *Louis Quinze* style became inaccurate, although a purist might claim that it remains literally true, because the return of the straight line, *e. g.*, in the tops and sides of desks and cabinets, really heralded the advent of a new style, transitional between those of Louis XV proper and Louis XVI, which, in its purity, never makes use of an irregular curve.

And so it was here. But this time, curiously enough, the leading *ébénistes* saw the change coming from afar. It is more than probable that the austere character of the Dauphin, soon to become Louis XVI, gave them a hint of the complete *volte-face* certain to come after the debaucheries of the court of Louis XV, and that with his accession to the throne the atmosphere of the court would be cleansed. So the twirls and curves, the meaningless motifs, the insipid floral carvings, the asymmetrical ornamentations, the frantic desire

to avoid lineal bi-symmetry at all costs, were quickly but systematically toned down, so gradually in fact that at first it was barely noticeable.

One of the clearest characteristics of this transition mode is the change from the large piece parquetry, usually four to a panel, to small work, composed of shaded cubes placed in rows. Again the outer borders of parquetté and marquetry panels of the pure Louis XV style were never rectilinear, always in serpentine or rococo curves. These borders were also of a less ornate design, generally a thin fillet of light-toned wood in the transition style. The borders of table and commode

drawers which were always curvilinear in the pure Louis XV mode, became straight again. Chairs retained most of their curves, and changed indeed but little; tables, cabinets and commodes, however, while still retaining their curved legs, took on straight body lines with chamfered and even fluted corners. The fluting in the chamfered corners is quite a late feature of this transition style, and pieces exhibiting this feature are frequently, but erroneously, termed Louis XVI.

Towards the very last years of the reign of Louis XV, even the curves of the legs flattened out considerably and became thicker at the top, so that it was but a slight change to the regular tapering leg of the next period. Ormolu mounts followed the general trend away from the extreme rococo to an orderly, almost geometric, regularity. Bi-symmetry came back into its own, as it al-



PIANO CASE IN THE LOUIS XV MANNER BY STEINWAY & SON

ways must, for the eye wearies of undisciplined forms, all the stronger for the temporary excursion of the mode-making artists into the realm of unbridled license and fantasy. And never since that time has there been any successful attempt on the part of cabinetmakers to depart from the recognized order of symmetry and proportion.



DINING TABLE AND CHAIRS OF WALNUT DESIGNED IN THE SPIRIT OF THE ITALIAN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THE BUFFET IS A COPY OF AN OLD PIECE. THE SET IS UNIQUE

Courtesy of the New York Galleries

MODERN CABINET MAKING

IN DAYS when furniture was a rarity, confined, so far as any adequate amount was concerned, to houses of comparative wealth, it was possible

either to develop a distinctive period style or for an individual cabinetmaker to influence the design of most of the pieces of his time. Great architectural styles, characteristic of a period, contributed largely to furniture design. Important buildings in any one locality were few and architects fewer. A style, therefore, was the natural result. Today, with buildings great and small springing up everywhere almost overnight it is not strange that we have no distinctive style. The nearest approach to one is that of the skyscraper and that, from its nature, can have little effect on furniture. And since our finest houses are those whose design is based on some earlier period it is only natural

Craftsmanship employed today in making the best furniture is as fine as that of any previous period

that the furniture for them should have little originality in its design. There would be no suitable place for an entirely new development. The few attempts at complete originality have only served, by their failure, to emphasize this.

Good modern furniture, therefore, is not very different in design from that of the great periods. There is a constant tendency toward improvement and a continuous adaptation of old forms to modern needs. Many old pieces are, of course, as useful and appropriate today as they ever were and reproductions of these are among the finest products of modern cabinetmaking. But even in the reproductions there is a difference. It is not one of beauty, for often the woods are better, the finish as fine; it is rather one of construction for the new pieces are almost always better made



WALNUT CABINET DERIVED FROM AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN MODEL
Courtesy of the Orsenigo Company



VITRINE IN THE STYLE OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI, OF MAHOGANY AND TULIPWOOD WITH FINELY CHASED ORMOLU MOUNTS
Courtesy of B. Altman & Company

GOthic CHEST IN CARVED OAK WITH HANDWROUGHT IRON AND SIDE CHAIRS
Courtesy of Tiffany Studios





MAHOGANY LIBRARY DESK IN THE MANNER OF THOMAS CHIPPENDALE
Courtesy of B. Altman & Company

WALNUT BOOKCASE AND STAND ADAPTED FROM WILLIAM AND MARY MOTIVES
Courtesy of the Hampton Shops





DECORATED SATINWOOD DESK AND CANED CHAIRS DERIVED FROM SHERATON MOTIVES
Courtesy of the Hampton Shops



CABINET DESIGNED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY DUTCH MANNER WITH PAINTED DECORATION
Courtesy of the Elgin A. Simonds Company

than the old. In a day when the cry is heard everywhere that craftsmanship is dead, that the machine has destroyed the skill of the worker, it is comforting to realize that never before was cabinetmaking so fine. Of course there is much bad furniture made; quantity production and the necessity for low costs makes that inevitable. But the furniture that is not made to meet a price or satisfy a wide market, that is built as well as skill and pride and patience can accomplish is equal to any ever produced.

Too often the comparison between antique and modern furniture is made between a piece which was built for a palace or a house of great wealth and another turned out to meet the demand for something as good as can be at a low cost. The comparison is obviously unfair. The good pieces of modern craftsmanship are, comparatively, as rare as the old and they are made under much the same conditions as were the finest of the antiques.

The best of the modern work may be divided into two classes: that which is built to order and the limited product of a few makers of costly pieces. The first has, of course, the *cachet* of individuality; the buyer knows that no one else can duplicate his furniture. Naturally the satisfaction which comes from the ownership of unique pieces must be paid for. The second type, while usually less expensive, is almost always quite as well made and designed. Both of these, as the illustrations show, are made in a wide variety of styles and this is one of their great advantages over the antique. It is quite difficult to find genuine pieces of any particular period or even of many periods which will exactly fulfill one's desires. To do so requires a great deal of painstaking search or a very large expenditure or, and this most often, both.

There is an undeniable associational value to old furniture and a quality given by long years of use which it is impossible to duplicate. But even



MAHOGANY AND SATINWOOD INLAID SIDEBOARD

Courtesy of Kirkham & Hall

antiques were once new, and when new few of them were equal to the productions of our contemporary cabinetmakers. Certainly those from Europe are, because of different climatic conditions, less suited to American use than the pieces made here. They have a tendency to loosen up or come apart. The chest which was built for a draughty and probably damp baronial hall can not endure the gentle ministrations of steam heat and sunshine. Modern comfort and convenience, a blessing to humanity, is apt to prove the ruin of old furniture. As a collection few things are more satisfying than rare and beautiful pieces of old furniture, but for use, and after all that is the primary object of furniture, most of the modern pieces are unquestionably better, and, and this is important, one is sure of their honesty.

QUEEN ANNE SECRETARY-DESK
Courtesy of the Hayden Company



THE MASTER OF MOULINS

IN THE FIRST important exhibition of French primitives held in Paris, during 1904, about ten paintings of great merit and distinction were brought together and attributed to a master who, on account of his numerous portraits of members of the royal house of Bourbon, had up till then been known as "The Painter of the Bourbons." In studying his work carefully it was found that the principal painting by this master, who lived and worked at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, was the great altarpiece in the Cathedral at Moulins. And from that painting the name of the "Master of Moulins" was given to him in 1904. Judging from his royal portraits he must have been a kind of court painter and well known and highly appreciated in his time, this apart from a conjecture by the French savant, Mr. George Hulin, that our master and Jean Perréal might be one and the same artist; his name and kin, his birthplace and the circumstances of his life are still unknown, like those of so many artists of the middle ages and the time when that period emerged into the Renaissance.

This point is not without its inner significance. For, although his was the age when certain artists of special skill rose above the anonymous crowd of workers in the arts and were eagerly sought after by the great and mighty, the time had not yet arrived when the artist became, as it were, a personality to be reckoned with and often to be pampered and coaxed by his patrons. What was wanted of the artist was not yet personal origi-

nality but personal skill in working in the new style: the conquest of outside nature and its faithful representation.

Our master, in his whole artistic make-up, goes obviously back to the most famous of the French miniaturists, Jean Fouquet, who, as perhaps the first, had the courage to fashion an image of the Blessed Virgin in the likeness of the king's favorite, Agnes Sorel, and that at the time of Jeanne d'Arc and her religious fervor! Truly, the unity of religion and art was at an end. A new epoch had begun.

The Master of Moulins is a veritable son of his time and of his race. To a remarkable degree he combines a certain French charm, even elegance, of form and tenderness and simplicity of sentiment which have endeared most of the early French art to all art lovers with a most faithful adherence to nature which goes back to the great Flemish primitives of an earlier time. The half-length "Portrait of a Man" (oil painting on wood, seven by six inches), reproduced on the cover of this number, in its straightforwardness of statement, its careful drawing and its beautifully subdued and soft coloring, is one of the best examples of this rare master. As it resembles closely the portrait of the Cardinal Charles of Bourbon in the Munich Pinakothek, it probably represents either this Bourbon prince or some near relative of his. It was one of the rare masterpieces seen at the P. Jackson Higgs Gallery and came from the Bachstitz Collection at The Hague, Holland.

DATED MELAS PRAYER RUG

THE TURKISH prayer rugs were the first rugs to be collected seriously in America where for a long time, particularly in the nineties, the best of them were held to be the most precious and important of Oriental rugs. Public interest in them has never slackened, for the American finds the appurtenances of a foreign religion curiously fascinating. These witnesses of another, rather pleasantly shocking religion; these substantial evidences of a peculiar people, of distant lands, strange practices and beliefs provide something of the exhilaration of travel, while the broadminded have found in them an agreeable argument for and a confirmation of their tolerance of the Turk in racial and religious affairs.

Beautiful prayer rugs were woven in Asia

Minor, probably from early Mohammedan times, but there are in existence today few pieces which we can with any confidence date earlier than the beginning of the nineteenth century. The principal types were produced in the various regions around Melas, Bergamo, Konia, Tuzla, Nigde, Akscher, Mudjar, Kirsheir and Karaman. These rugs and those woven by the nomads of the eastern part of the peninsula never attained the artistic heights of the early pieces of the west coast, but none the less they are honest and straightforward, they exhibit many novel and interesting color schemes that sometimes rise to real heights and command unstinted admiration. They maintained their own standards until after the middle of the nineteenth century.



MELAS PRAYER RUG, Dated EIGHTEEN HUNDRED and ONE

An admirable example of Asia Minor coloring and design. The entire rug marks an exceptional effort as is shown by the dating, extremely rare in Asia Minor rugs, the quality of the wool and the weaving, and the borrowing of certain patterns from outside the established Melas tradition

Collection of Mrs. John Franklin Forbes, at San Francisco

SMALL HOUSE FURNITURE

THE SPIRITS of the pre-Raphaelites and of William Morris still cast a heavy shadow over most of the designers in England today so that many of the English decorative

arts are either on the one hand sweet and languid and "arty," or, on the other, they are beaten and wrought and "crafty." Those of the younger generation who have escaped both of these tendencies are too often lured into a second-hand imitation of the Munich-Viennese style as it has been adopted in France, and try to invent a slightly different version of the modernist designs in highly finished expensive materials. Or, in other cases, they are content merely to copy the historical models and the museum. But when all these phases of contemporary English design have been dismissed as of little real value for the development of the arts of decoration, there still remains a small group of craftsmen whose work is a genuine contribution in sound and original English taste.

One of the soundest and most successful

Revival of the Cottage Industries in England gives us household articles of olden charm

PHYLLIS AGKERMAN

modern English styles is being created by the revival of the cottage industries. Much of the old English furniture that collectors treasure most today, especially that of the seven-

teenth century, was cottage furniture, made by the village joiner in the traditional local patterns. The great charm of this furniture is in its sincerity and livableness. The designs were fashioned by use and custom to the greatest comfort and convenience, and the rendition showed an honest workmanship that has its own intrinsic value in every applied art. Over and above this, moreover, the English people for four centuries had an undeniable genius for domestic architecture which determined every detail of the house and its furnishings, even down to such minor factors as coal shovels and nail heads. It is the return to this fundamental native instinct for domestic design that vitalizes the most productive movement in the decorative arts in England today.

This contemporary cottage furniture of England is by no means a mere imitation of the old.

A DINING TABLE OF ENGLISH OAK, A DESIGN WHICH GIVES GREAT RIGIDITY. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL AND MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS





ENGLISH OAK BED WITH PANELED HEAD AND FOOTBOARDS. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS

If the designs are often reminiscent of the old, it is only because, in the first place, comfort and utility make much the same demands today that they did three or four hundred years ago, and in the second because the working of wood and metal with simple hand tools imposes certain limitations and suggests certain forms which are common to all times. In specific details the designs are new and they are fashioned to fill in every way the needs of modern living.

The movement is in a true sense a revival of the old village crafts, as the work is being done, not in a city factory, but in workshops out in the towns and many of the smaller objects are homework done by the men and women in spare hours by their own firesides. The center of the production is Broadway, one of the loveliest old villages in England, rich with the fine old half-timber buildings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and imbued with the atmosphere of those simpler times. There, in an ancient house and a vast tithe barn the furniture and larger

metal work are made by village workmen recruited and trained on the spot. The hand weaving, too, is done in the house, but the embroidering and the leather work are brought in from homes scattered for miles over the Cotswolds. The glass is made to special order in one of the oldest works in the midlands.

For workers in these cottage industries do not content themselves with making only the furniture and the more important accessories. In the twenty years that the work has been growing, it has come to include almost everything that a modest home demands: fire tools and pillows,

table napery and silver, glass and pottery, even carpets and rugs. All of these are made by hand after well-conceived, simple designs that derive from the old and keep close to the English tradition even though they are new.

Assembled together, these things make a room altogether charming in its unpretentiousness. The furniture is plain and straight, but it has none of the clumsy rigidity and really absurd massiveness

of the old craftsmen or "mission" furniture.

Most of it is in unfinished oak which will mellow with time and use, but there are richer woods too, such as a fine burled walnut. The construction is very strong and firm, but no heavier than is absolutely necessary for long durability under hard practical use.

Though always plain, the designs are never barren. The fad for simplicity often results in a meaningless and stupid blankness.

There is no merit in restraint where there is absolutely nothing to restrain. Good design means some design, not no design at all. The cottage cabinet makers

CHEST AND STAND OF QUARTERED ENGLISH OAK, LINED WITH CEDAR, HANDLES OF FORGED BRASS. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS



have avoided the customary pitfalls of the modern self-conscious hand-craftsman and have therefore produced pieces that have permanent distinction. The ornamentation that the cottage designers use to lift this work above the merely negative is thoroughly good because it is not in any specious sense applied, but derives almost wholly from the perfection of the workmanship. The turn of a bed post and the cut of its finial are all that is necessary to give a bed character and emphasis. The beveling of the drawer panels of a buffet where they fit into the frame refines the proportions, makes clear both the construction

of the piece and the character of the wood, and also introduces the necessary variety. Similarly, the curve of a stretcher where it meets an upright can reveal craftsmanship, reinforce the effect of the structure and introduce a graceful line. In short, the designs are conceived in structural terms.

The chairs, being also conceived in these structural terms, have most of them taken either the spindle or the ladder-back form. Spindles or ladder stretchers are the normal and obvious ways for a joiner to build up a chair back. Each admits, however, of almost unlimited adjustment and variations so that there is no monotony. Unlike the other furniture, the chairs are in ash which is tough, but not so heavy that it is an effort to move them around. The seats are of rushes. They all are made for restful sitting, and in this and in the honest evidences of the processes by which they were made, lies their charm.

It is such a utilization of structural necessities for decorative effect that creates the quality of genuineness which is the peculiar esthetic attribute both of the antique English furniture and of this new. The surety with which mechanical features are converted into ornamental assets is the merit of designs that are created directly by wood workers. Palace furniture, after the sixteenth century, was designed primarily by architects and draftsmen. The pattern was a picture drawn on paper often by a man who himself never touched tools. Hence ornamentation became line decoration, and the opportunities for embellish-



DRESSER OF QUARTERED ENGLISH OAK WITH PANEL DRAWERS. HANDLES OF LABURNHAM. DESIGNED BY GORDON RUSSELL, MADE BY RUSSELL & SONS

ment that grew naturally out of the fashioning of the wood were overlooked. This artificial application of design to its material is carried to even more serious lengths in modern factory cabinet making, for in the antique palace furniture the design was at least carried out by a hand worker who could ease the drawn design into the necessities of his technique. But in machine manufactured furniture even this adaptation is lacking for no real craftsman ever handles any piece. Everything is simply fed through an impersonal system. Hence the wood itself has no chance to develop naturally into the finished thing. This natural working of the wood into the structure and design of the furniture is the merit of all the craftsman designed, hand made furniture of all ages, including all cottage furniture old and new.

The beauty of clean workmanship and easy utility that characterizes all of the products of the revived cottage industries makes them appropriate for many different styles of rooms. They are not, of course, fit for the ceremonious salon, the Renaissance palace, the eighteenth-century mansion or any other formal period. But for the house that is made primarily to be lived in they are of inestimable worth. They belong naturally in the English country styles, but they are no less fit for the Italian country villas that are more than half farmhouses, the New England colonial styles that are not American Georgian, the wood-paneled bungalows from California, and the developments and adaptations of the old adobe styles.

Russian FURNITURE for America

AMERICA is learning more of Russian art by direct contact with her people who have come here for reasons political or economic than in decades of ever so friendly relations with the seas between.

The number of Russian artists in New York appears to increase daily.

Nikolai Fechin, painter of portraits, is making his home there and so is Gleb Derujinsky, the sculptor, while others of briefer visits are Seraphim Sudbinin and Akop Gurdjan, both sculptors, and those two gay decorators whose handiwork was seen in the

Chauve Souris, Nicholas Remisoff and Serge Soudeikine. Savely Sorin of the finely drawn portraits

Roman F. Melzer, formerly personal architect to the Czar, adapts the Russian style for American use

HELEN GOMSTOCK



ABOVE: DECORATED CHEST. BELOW: WALL CABINET IN ORANGE, RED, SILVER AND GOLD BY ROMAN F. MELZER



the spring (an exhibition which brought the works of nearly one hundred artists to New York), is

has shown his work in New York, also David Burliuk and Boris Grigoriev, the "modernists." Igor Grabar, who came over with the Russian exhibition at the Grand Central Palace in

not only a painter and director of the National Tretiakov Gallery, Moscow, but a writer on art as well.

One of the recent arrivals in New York is Roman F. Melzer, architect and designer, who has been here not quite a year. Melzer held a position of dis-

inction in Russia, having been personal architect to Nicholas II during the whole of his reign.

Almost everything that was to be built, redecorated or reconstructed in all of the Czar's dwellings was Melzer's to oversee, and he was also engaged by members of the royal family and the nobility. One of his first commissions as royal architect was the redecoration of that part of the Anichkoff Palace which Nicholas II and his bride, the former Princess Alix of Hesse, occupied immediately after their marriage in November, 1894. This was about a month after the Czar succeeded his father to the throne.

During the twenty years that followed, Melzer was called upon to perform many important works. He made the plans for a number of clinics and public buildings and, at the command of the Czarina, designed an orthopedic institute. He was appointed architect of the Russian building at the Paris Exposition in 1900 and designed a structure after the Kremlin at Moscow. In Leningrad he de-

signed the magnificent wall which enclosed the grounds in front of the Winter Palace. The size of the gates may be estimated from the fact that each of the lanterns on top of them used to afford space for three workmen to eat lunch while the structure was being built. This wall was in the Italian baroque style and was made of stone and iron. The Czar's initials, N. A. (Nicholas Alexandrovitch), were interlaced at intervals in the flowing design carried out by the iron work and imperial crowns surmounted the gates. After the revolution the Bolsheviki were at great pains to destroy every vestige of the wall because of these remnants of imperialism, but the task of demolishing it was so difficult that it cost almost as much in time and money as the construction.

Melzer received a personal order from the Czar to design a bridge over the Neva in front of the Winter Palace which should be in harmony with the palace and its wall. His plans



BLACK AND GOLD CHAIR AND TABOURET

BY ROMAN F. MELZER



CHEST AND TRAY

BY ROMAN F. MELZER

were approved and the bridge constructed, but, due to the Revolution, the final decorations were never completed. However, the bridge, being a thing of utility, was permitted to stand while another work of his shared the fate of the Winter Palace wall and was completely destroyed. This was

a palace for the Grand Duke Michael. Melzer not only planned the building but decorated the interior and designed the furniture. When it was complete the Grand Duke inspected it and assured Melzer that he was highly pleased. He ordered that the palace be closed until his return from a campaign in the Caucasus, after which he and his wife were to take up their residence there. But that day never came, for within two weeks the revolution broke and not long after there was only a ruin where so much labor and wealth had been expended.

During the time that Melzer was acting as architect to the Czar he was also conducting a furniture factory in Leningrad for which he supplied the designs while his brother acted as business manager. After the revolution Melzer, who was, of course, a "marked man," escaped one October evening by means of a small boat into Finland, his total possessions being simply the clothes on his back. He made his way to Stockholm and then to Berlin, where he found a number of refugees from his Leningrad

HANGING SHELVES

BY ROMAN F. MELZER





RUSSIAN BUILDING, PARIS, 1900

DESIGNED BY ROMAN F. MELZER

Photo copyright by Underwood & Underwood

factory. With them as a nucleus for a new business undertaking he started his factory anew on the outskirts of Berlin. Things went well for a time but the rapid decline of the mark brought them close to financial ruin and Melzer decided to bring his furniture to America, but to maintain the factory with its skilled workers in Germany. He has established a studio in New York where he is exhibiting his furniture. This furniture, some of which is illustrated herewith, is Russian in character although it has been designed with a view to foreign use. For instance, the "peasant motive" which is so typical of articles of Russian make is intentionally omitted by this designer. Although the lines and general character of these pieces are obviously purely Russian, the decorative motives are conventional and are largely of geomet-

ric inspiration. Some of his bedroom suites, for which he has sent designs back to Germany since his study of American homes at first hand, are not even pronouncedly Russian in line, but the bold designs which ornament them reveal the Russian love of color and definite form. Some of the color combinations which Melzer favors are yellow, blue and silver, which he has used for a bedroom, or orange, red and gold, which appears on a wall cabinet, or black and gold, as for a severely designed chair which he has enriched with a cushion of green and gold. All of this furniture is lacquered and the jewel boxes are completely finished in gold lacquer before the design in red, green and orange is added to them. Consequently they have a luminous richness because of the gold underneath. In construction and finish all of these pieces show a high order of workmanship. The honesty with which they are made is particularly evident in the in-

side of the cabinets and chests, which are as carefully finished as the outside, and are decorated with as much ingenuity. While the color which Melzer uses is pronounced, it is not over-brilliant. To describe his wall cabinet as "orange" does not do it justice, for the tone is distinctly muted, and the red which is combined with it is similarly grayed. Many of us have the idea that all Russian art consists of flamboyant color contrasts, that their designers avoid an empty space at any cost, and that they use as many colors in combination

as possible. Melzer's work does not belong to this order. He does not over-crowd his spaces, and evidently knows where to call a halt on exuberance in pattern. This restraint extends to the hues which he favors, chastened to a subtlety of tone which makes them pleasantly livable.

GATE AND WALL OF THE WINTER PALACE, LENINGRAD
DESIGNED BY ROMAN F. MELZER





THE HOUSE OF O. F. HOWARD, WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT. AN OLD HOUSE BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED

LETTING OLD HOUSES ALONE

THE SUCCESS of remodeling an old house frequently depends rather upon what one refrains from doing than upon what one actually does. That is the theory upon which the

artists who live in the vicinity of Westport, Connecticut, have based the changes they have made in the little eighteenth-century farmhouses in which they live. It is the number of temptations they have resisted that has given beauty to the character of their dwellings; just as we are told that it gives beauty to the soul of a sinner. To prettify these old cottages; to try to rejuvenate them and make them look snappy and modern would be as pathetic as the attempt made by an old man to retain his youth by dyeing his hair and beard. It is possible, of course, to modernize a house a hundred or two hundred years old; to add sleeping porches and tear out partitions and tack on a skylight studio and throw out a wing or two. It is equally possible, as we all know, to dress grandmamma in the garments of a flapper; to bob her hennaed hair, shorten her skirts, wrap a hectic scarf around her withered throat and teach her the latest dance steps.

To let alone wherever possible; to add only what is absolutely necessary; to preserve an atti-

The most difficult task in restoring an old homestead is to recover and preserve its original simple beauty

JO PENNINGTON

tude of positive veneration for the unconscious beauty of line achieved by the builders; to remove the layers of Victorian paint covering colonial beauties and so restore them lovingly to

their original perfection—this has been the aim of the group of artists who first discovered the possibilities of these Connecticut farmhouses.

Most of them are as simple as the drawing made by a child upon his slate. They must not be confused with the type of colonial house pictured in so many books and articles for the latter are larger and more pretentious. They were the homes of wealthy merchants and farmers who could afford to build impressive dwellings. The farmhouses in Westport are, as a rule, quite small; they are square-fronted with a door in the middle of the front wall flanked by one or two windows on each side and tiny windows above. There is nothing about them that is not absolutely essential. And to this beauty of an utterly simple design time has added a mellowness of tone that softens harsh outlines and makes these houses melt into the countryside as if they had sprung from the very soil.

Between the days when these houses were built and the present time came the Victorian age with



WELL-HEAD AND PART OF TERRACE, HOUSE OF O. F. HOWARD,
WESTPORT

its blighting touch. Fireplaces were covered up and stoves put in; unpainted wood was indelicate and suggestive of nudity, so gallons of dark paint were poured over the oak paneling and floors; and porches with fussy railings marred the outlines of the houses as effectually as an ugly veil conceals and blurs the features of a lovely woman. To remove all traces of the fifties and sixties; to reinforce where years have weakened; to provide settings that may be in keeping, involving everything from flagged paths to tree surgery—these are the almost invisible touches which

cost more than the addition of such blots as a modern garage, a breakfast nook, a bath of clinical whiteness and an “L” or a wing. To keep the spirit of the house intact and to make it habitable in the modern sense without changing its character has often multiplied the original purchase price of the farm several times.

There is in the world the brittle kind of person who revels in the newness of things; who delights in gleaming white paint and brilliant green shutters; who likes to skate about on varnished parquet floors dodging the innumerable lamps, ottomans and occasional tables selected for him by the interior decorator. But there is likewise in the world the kind of person who takes a keen joy in foot-wide oaken boards hollowed by the feet of many generations and scrubbed to unbelievable whiteness; who can not find in a paint-maker’s catalogue any color so exquisite as the time-worn grey of weathered walls; who grubs about for years in abandoned farmhouses and advertises tirelessly in obscure country papers until he finds just the right chairs and tables and chests and beds. And he does all this not with the affected desire to “keep within the period;” not because it is the correct thing to admire early American antiques. He does it because there is no tranquility in a house where painted furniture overpowers and overpowers a tiny bedroom with dormer windows; where an overstuffed davenport leers snobbishly at the crane and trivet in the fireplace; and where an electric lamp routs with determined beam the dark shadows once cast by flickering candle and firelight. So far as possible the owners of these houses try to put in them the things they once held, for then there is harmony and restfulness, as if the spirit of the house were at peace when given the companionship of the old things that belong in them.

NEW TOOL HOUSE BUILT FROM OLD MATERIAL



Just as hand tailoring gives a man’s coat the right and subtle degree of nonchalance; just as women love the hand-made garments that come to us from France; so the handwork which distinguishes the colonial farmhouse from its suburban descendants gives its owner a lasting thrill. The heavy beams supporting the upper floor

and showing on the ceiling of the lower floor still show the marks of the adze. The hinges on the doors were hand wrought and have a beauty of design that no machine-made hardware can possibly duplicate. The little stairway in the vestibule goes to the right, turns once and arrives; there is nothing tricky about it—it is planned merely to occupy the least possible space; but deprived of many coats of paint it reveals the natural grain of the wood of which it is made, and the banister is like satin to the touch.

There is no forgetting the exquisite shock of pleasure experienced on turning the corner of the country road leading to Coleytown from the village of Westport and finding oneself face to face with a little grey farmhouse, blinking in friendly fashion in the sun; spread out so that its façade gives it a kind of genial smile. The little well house beside the kitchen door has its original oak buckets and chain. The busybody brook, afraid that it may be overlooked, rushes with officious noisiness past the stones that clog its path. The house sets directly on the road and on a line with it is the barn—housing with the benevolence of old age both the Ford and the polo ponies—and on the other side a little toolhouse. This is the home of the illustrator, O. F. Howard, one of the original settlers of Coleytown. A tall hedge of lilac bushes screens the house from the road. The twelve-paned windows are framed in shutters painted a dark blue-green. The house



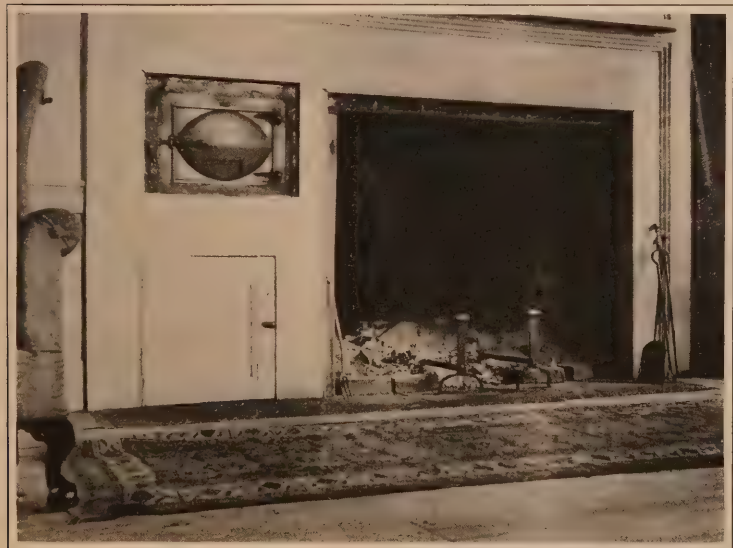
FIREPLACE IN LIVING ROOM OF KERR EBY HOUSE. THE DUTCH OVEN AND WOOD-BOX ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE FIREPLACES IN THESE HOUSES

originally had on the ground floor a kitchen to the left as you enter the vestibule, a parlor to the right and two little bedrooms in back. Later a lean-to was added and this is now the kitchen. One of the little bedrooms was converted into a bathroom; the old kitchen became a living room; and the parlor, a studio. Out of the kitchen at the back of the house, overhanging the brook, is a dining porch.

The fireplace in the living room is quite shallow and has a beautiful Dutch oven and a little wood closet. To the right of it is a little cubbyhole—one of those delightful stowaway places that crop up here and there in all of these little houses. Heaven alone knows where the original settlers hung their clothes; probably they wore one set of garments and kept their "Sunday clothes" in chests, for none of these houses have clothes closets so that improvising wardrobes is one of the most popular indoor sports in Coleytown. There is already so much woodwork that built-in closets must be carefully designed and placed so that the appearance of the room will not be spoiled.

When Mr. Howard purchased the farm, the paneling around the fireplace and all door and window trim were covered with a dark brown paint. The bricks in the fireplace were painted so that oceans of lye and water were required to bring them to light; and the very hearthstone had to be unearthed. The bathroom is almost the only concession to the twentieth century in the house. There is a coal stove in the kitchen for cooking, and kerosene

LIVING ROOM FIREPLACE IN THE O. F. HOWARD HOUSE





BACK OF THE KERR EBY HOUSE, SHOWING THE PORCH CONVERTED FROM THE OLD PANTRY

lamps; though the mistress of the house does hanker for just one electric bulb in the cellar that she may have light when she fills the lamps!

One of the most amusing additions made by the Howards is the little toolhouse already mentioned which stands at a distance from the house on the road. It is only about seven feet wide by eight long and just high enough to permit the hired man to stand upright. In order that this little house might not strike a false note of newness, Mr. Howard scoured the countryside for old materials and finally secured boards and windows and a door from an old barn. The result justifies the trouble and expense taken. The toolhouse looks as old as the farmhouse and has the appearance of a small child that has strayed from its parent. Here are kept garden tools and implements—and at night the overactive Airedale pup.

The table in the Howard's living room is one of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the house. It came from a local antique dealer, Mr. Guyer, whose methods of restoration are beyond praise. His principle is that set forth in the beginning of this article: to restore and refrain rather than to modernize or add. Paint scraping plays an important part in his life; and after that is over, the original grain of the beautiful woods used by colonial furniture makers shows through a satiny sheen. This table is so artfully simple in design that one would think a carpenter could duplicate it, provided he were willing to spend the necessary amount of time upon it. In one of the upper bedrooms there is a beautiful bed with low head and footboard, a patchwork counterpane and a dainty "petticoat." There is also a chest of drawers, unpainted, unvarnished and unsurpassed. Tea is usually served on the terrace in front of the

wellhouse; and there is a delightful inconsistency in its setting—a metal table and chairs of the folding variety painted a greenish yellow and imported from a Parisian cafe!

In back of this farm, crowning a hill, is one of the most beautiful houses in the community, owned by another artist, Kerr Eby. It is two hundred and fifty years old, still sturdy; larger than most of the houses in the neighborhood and with the air of nobility and dignity worn by a very proud and upright old man. The front door, not very often used because the road leads to a door in

back of the house, opens on a vestibule with a charming stairway. In back a flagged path leads to a door made in two sections; and entering this one is in a long, low-ceilinged apartment with an unusually handsome fireplace from which a year or more of tireless activity has not yet removed all of the paint. Two rooms were thrown into one to make this living room. Originally the back door was to the right of the one now used but it was made into a window and a new door cut. The little porch shown in the picture was originally a pantry; the walls were removed and the roof and supports retained.

The front of the lower floor has a sitting room on one side, the whole wall on the fireplace side beautifully paneled and painted white. On the other side of the house is a bedroom. The bedroom over the sitting room has a similar fireplace and paneling of equal distinction. In scraping the bricks around this upper fireplace, Mr. Eby found that there was no hearthstone, so that cinders and sparks from the fireplace had begun to burn their way through one of the huge beams.

The chimney is one of the most impressive sights in Coleytown. It is fourteen feet square at the base and practically fills the cellar. Even on the upper floor it is eight feet square. Most of these houses are built around a chimney which rises in the centre and comes out in the middle of the roof, and as a rule there is but one chimney—not two or three as might be expected in houses depending on many fireplaces for heat. The reason for this is that in the days when these houses were built there was a tax on each chimney and it was therefore to the advantage of the house builder to have one large chimney rather than several small ones.

It is hard, when looking at a house so old and yet in such an excellent state of preservation, to realize just what its antiquity means. The story is told that when Mr. Eby was illustrating an article written by another Coleytowner about the latter's house, he rushed up to the author and said: "Do you realize that the men who built your house wore three-cornered hats?"



THE MCCOY HOUSE, ONE OF THE OLDEST IN COLEYTOWN

About a mile from these two farms on the Easton turnpike is a house that is usually called the story book house. Red Riding Hood might well have lived in it. It has a lovable absurdity arising from the irregular shapes and sizes of its windows; from the slope of its roof which fairly smothers it and dips down rakishly on one side almost to the ground; and from its color, a very dark red. It sets at a ridiculous angle to the road; not directly on it as many of these houses do, nor yet parallel to it, but at a slant implying a kind of coyness or modesty as if it wished to turn its face from the passersby. When one learns that the McCoy's live there one realizes that though it is early American in type, it is a perfect expression of the Irish temperament. It is a tangible proof that humor is not inconsistent with beauty in architecture.



THE NEW KITCHEN DOORWAY, AN ADDITION 159 YEARS LATER THAN THE ORIGINAL HOUSE

About a year ago a lean-to kitchen was added; the doorway shown in the picture is the kitchen entrance, and it is as beautifully proportioned as any of the original doorways to be found in the vicinity. Moreover this addition is so well scaled and designed that it is impossible to tell, by looking at it, that it is just one hundred and fifty-nine years younger than the rest of the house. Inside the rooms are rather small with low ceilings—so low that the six-foot owner has never been able to stand upright in his own house. There are two big shallow fireplaces with crane and kettle still in place. In the upper bedrooms it is impossible even for a short person to stand upright anywhere save just under the peak of the roof.

The perfect humorous touch is given to this farm by a little

"THE COBBLER'S HOUSE," COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE IN MINIATURE





FIRST AN INN, THEN A TWO-FAMILY HOUSE, THIS CHARMING OLD DWELLING HAS BEEN REMODELED AGAIN AND IS NOW THE HOME OF STUART BENSON. THE FENCE IS A RECENT ADDITION

house just across the road from it, part of the original homestead. It is a perfect small edition of colonial architecture. It has only one room and an attic. It has twelve-paned windows, a charming doorway with a huge flagstone before it, and a foolish little chimney pot. The trim around windows and the door is white, the shutters the dark blue green that harmonizes so well with age-greyled walls. A new shingled roof was added last year but it is now becoming sufficiently weather-worn so that the house no longer looks like a very old lady in a very new bonnet. The house was originally occupied by a cobbler though no one knows how or why he lived alone in such a tiny dwelling.

In a house about a mile up the road the McCoys found most of the furniture now in their house and bought it for a song. There are six quite lovely little chairs, a crazy little davenport with a frame of rough wood; a couple of old rockers and several wooden beds. An interesting though quite useless acquisition was a wooden receptacle for pounding wheat—like a mortar with a heavy wooden mallet.

A variation of the type of house described so far is an old inn now in the possession of Mr. Stuart Benson. It has a double porch running around two sides of the house with an outside stairway leading from the lower to the upper story and another stairway leading into the garden. The original inn was at one time converted into a two-family house which accounts for the two doors on each side in front; and inside there was a double stairway separated by a partition. Where these stairways meet there is now a doorway so that one may run from the dining room up a short flight of stairs to a landing and then down on the other side

into the sitting room. By actual experiment the present owner proved that there are fourteen ways of going up and down stairs in his house though this seems a doubtful advantage.

The house owned by Clark Fay and his wife, Nancy Fay—both illustrators—was built in the early part of the eighteenth century and was one of several outposts established by the town of Norwalk against the Indians. It is a little larger than many of the farm-houses. Contrary to the usual Westport practice of

remodeling, the Fays tore out almost the whole of the interior and rearranged and rebuilt it to meet their special needs. The ground floor has a sitting room, a sunny dining room—actually all one room since there is no partition—with a fireplace and a stairway under which there is a clever arrangement of shelves. On this floor also there is quite a sizable studio and a kitchen. The front door has a ship in full sail for a knocker; and the vestibule upon which it opens is to have an old seaman's map, a ship's lantern and clock, and a sea chest.

The most striking thing about the lower floor is the treatment of the windows. The window shades are of glazed chintz in primrose yellow and blue, cut in deep scallops and edged with blue rickrack. Over these are curtains of fine yellow net, held back by blue glass curtain knobs, and with a valance made of three ruffles of the net. In spite of the fragility of their appearance, the shades and curtains are entirely practical.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely describing the beauties of architecture and furnishings in this Connecticut community. But there is no room to tell of them all—of the unique fireplace in one house with a curious curved line quite unlike any other; of the many beautiful pieces in the house of Kerr Eby and the Bensons; of the minister's house in the village, said to be the most perfect example of early American domestic architecture. But perhaps the story of what artists do when they make over old houses; of how a feeling for line has enabled them to bring back old beauties; perhaps in the example they have set of the art of "letting alone" there is a lesson for all who wish to buy or to build. The moral of the story is simply this: Beauty of design is not the trade secret of an architect.

ART *and* OTHER THINGS By GUY
EGLINGTON

Gloucester, Mass., July 16.—A day of brilliant sunshine. Birds singing. The squall of an occasional baby. Over yonder the beach and the surf calling. I am little inclined to work a day like this. Art and New York are alike curiously remote and I ask myself hourly how men can paint or sculpt or write when they might be bathing or fishing or sailing. Yet they do, sure enough. All around me. Hundreds of them. Boys and girls. Men and women. Old ladies of both sexes. Just down the hill is Grace Horne with a gallery of pleasant enough things—and a view from her veranda to put them all to shame. Down in Main street the North Shore Art Association, upholding the best Boston tradition, pompous with jury, membership committee and prizes, is in violent competition with the Gloucester Society of Artists, independent, free to all, \$5 a year inclusive. The result is much the same. Both give teas, dances, auctions. Neither has anything of special value to offer to the world. Revolution has swept over the Atlantic, compelling thought, compelling reconsideration of what art is, of the anatomy, the physical and metaphysical organism of the work of art, but it has hardly penetrated the fastnesses of Massachusetts. The same painted ships dream idly still on the same painted ocean.

But to look for art in an artists' colony is to make oneself ridiculous. Artists, from the moment that they begin to be artists in more than name, cease to be gregarious animals. Colonies are composed of young girls and old ladies, the only difference between them lying in the proportion of the former to the latter. Gloucester is eminently an old ladies' paradise; Woodstock, where I visited Faggi a few weeks back, swarms with young girls. A definition, if one could happen on it, would make the contrast plainer. Your old lady *par excellence* is either one whose mind has remained untroubled, unploughed, virgin, so to speak, for whom art is merely a question of illusion, "the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye" as the thimble-trickers shout, served up with a pleasant combination of colors; or else one who, having at one time sensed a something more, has sought to externalize it, has discovered a *procédé*, by the application of which a certain air of distinction is imparted, the seal of a "personality" set on his work, and has rested content in the faith that, for himself at least, the problem has been solved. Your young girl on the other hand is just becoming conscious of the problem and prepares to wrestle with it. Intensely earnest, she

carries her brow perpetually knotted, studies old and modern masters, discusses them at length, trying to find out how they did it.

Every generation discovers its own panacea. For the last it was all a matter of glazes and the complementaries, now the talk is of form and the primaries. But the trouble is that most young girls are old ladies at heart, and so, beneath a vastly more imposing outer structure—the very best butter, as the March Hare would say—the inner content of a typical Woodstock picture is not vastly different from that of a Gloucester. The difference lies rather in the knotting of the brows.

I did, however, promise to mention the *Hue and Cry*, a Woodstock paper which deserves, to judge from the number which I saw, to succeed. It is quite large and surprisingly well printed, contains reproductions, news, stories, poems and a large number of advertisements. Two of Faggi's "Stations of the Cross," which he is making for St. Thomas' church in Chicago, are reproduced in the first issue.

Afterthought. It having become known that I am a writer, the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is liable to be read in Gloucester this summer. I must hasten to add therefore that Theresa Bernstein, Joel Levitt, William Meyerowitz, Louise Brumback and Jane Kilham all showed at the first exhibition of the Gloucester Society of Artists, Stuart Davis representing the modern. I liked especially Ethel Paddock's "White House," a Maine landscape full of dash. But the palm goes to A. D. Gring, Jr., for his "Veranda View," the first picture he ever painted, and, I am told, the last. I have great hopes of Mr. Gring, if only his friends don't start telling him how.

Being myself a phrase-maker by trade, other people's phrases are not apt to interest me greatly. Phrases are usually nothing more than an attempt to sum up in a broad and highly inaccurate generalization the conclusions of a train of thought. As they pass from mouth to mouth they become more and more debased, further and further divorced from the original train of thought from which they drew their sole value. Thinking is always valuable, conclusions rarely, and then only to the thinker. So if a phrase interests me at all, it is because it evidently proceeds from a line of thought which I have never explored. To trace

that line backwards from its conclusion to its source is a task which demands imagination.

One phrase especially has been troubling me recently, because I can't make up my mind whether it has any meaning or not. Who the author is I have no idea. Rockwell Kent used it to me apropos of a block which Carl Zigrosser was showing us, cut by Lankes from Burchfield's design. Kent and Zigrosser were both very impressed, myself less so. The cutting was not very interesting, a considerable portion of the surface structurally meaningless, and the whole, it seemed to me, very flat. I ventured to say so and was not contradicted. But, said Kent, it is "The American Scene."

Since that day the phrase has pursued me. It seems to have attached itself permanently to Burchfield's work, its prime virtue. At his exhibition at Montross' this winter I found myself, amid a chorus of praise, sadly the sole dissenter. People whose opinion I respected. Yet when I asked for enlightenment, raised tentative objections, I received always the same answer: "Ah, but you do not know the Middle West. Of course you don't like it. But that is it." Is that what Kent and Zigrosser meant when they spoke of the American scene? A subject recognizably, nay unmistakably American, which no other country could match? Surely that is not enough to create a work of art? In that case, Ziegfeld's claim that his *Follies* glorifies the American girl were equally tenable. An American beauty chorus is probably as unmistakably American as a Middle Western landscape with a deserted barn centre and lengths of rusted wire hanging from broken posts. No other country could produce a set of legs precisely similar. But no one could gather from a visit to the *Follies* that American girls have brains as well as legs, and, with all deference to my elders and betters, no one would gather from a study of Burchfield's water colors that America had produced any art of consequence.

But Kent can not have meant anything so elementary. He and the others who admire Burchfield so wholeheartedly evidently see something in his work which I am blind to. For me he is an honest illustrator with a sense for arabesques. I remember the first Burchfields I saw, four years ago, at the Sunwise Turn. Certainly the first glimpse was refreshing. His naïveté, obviously independent of all influence. His courage, setting down what he deemed to be the facts boldly, with a kind of challenge. A certain illusion of life which he imparted to his barns, houses and trees, as though they pointed an accusing finger at the

authors of their desolation. All these things conspired to heighten the contrast between his work and the mass of stuff which I saw around. It was so full of promise that one was inclined to pass over its obvious weaknesses. A few years of work would take care of those.

Now, after four years, the result is disappointing. The same themes recur, but either they have lost something of their power, or familiarity has robbed them of their edge. I am no longer moved by the desolation of a windowless barn, because I have ceased to believe in its reality. Resemblance is not sufficient to convince. A New England barn by Sheeler, constructed geometrically with half a dozen lines against a background of white paper, possesses, besides its interest as a drawing, an air of conviction. I believe in that barn. For the rest, the design bears so perfect a relation to the space against which it is seen that the imagination is released. The horizon is where you will, indefinitely thrust back. But Burchfield possesses no such spacial sense. He sets down the superficial facts of a landscape without relating them. It is to no purpose that he lavishes care on his arabesques, gnarled tree trunks, locomotive engines, houses. . . . They only add to the unreality of the whole. His ground is without stability, his composition without depth, the capacity of his color shuts out distance.

The Middle West, I am told, is a world of limitless plains, threatening infinity. I can not believe that Burchfield, whose world, whatever his fidelity to local color, has neither air nor space, has rendered it.

I have heard the same phrase, that "American Scene," applied to Kent's own work and there at least it seems to me to have some meaning, though whether Kent would endorse that meaning is doubtful. Kent has constituted himself explorer-in-chief of modern American painting. He seems incapable of sitting still for a second. Now it is Alaska, now Tierra del Fuego. At the present moment he is following the track of the Norsemen, sailing from Norway in a small boat via Iceland and Greenland to discover America afresh. Next year, if Kent survives, we shall have another slant on the American scene. It is all very delightful. Kent has a splendid time encountering adventures. We have a splendid time hearing him tell them. But the pictures suffer. Good pictures are not made that way, unfortunately. A good landscape can result only if a certain intimacy exist between painter and scene. Otherwise the spectator is liable to feel much as I felt before the

Tierra del Fuego mountains, a horrible certainty that if I put my finger through them I should find them hollow.

The more I think of Kent, the more I am inclined to believe that he is a writer who has missed his vocation. What fun we should have if, instead of an annual exhibition of pictures, he gave us year by year a log of his voyages, copiously illustrated by himself.

Jerome Myers is supposedly another painter of the American scene, in that he takes his subjects from East Side New York. They might almost as well be labeled "East Side Fairyland," for Myers has little sense of place. But he has qualities which are perhaps more valuable. In many respects his exhibition at Rehn's this winter was the surprise of the season. Myers has always been a painter who aroused my respect rather than an outburst of enthusiasm. A fine draughtsman, his paint was apt to be muddy. One felt that he had slaved over his pictures, torturing the poor things. Structurally sound, the outlines became blurred, lost their incisiveness. But in the work of the last year or so all that has changed. His foundations strong as ever, he paints now with a freer brush, a purer, more resonant color. The result is that his horizons have opened up, his figures are seen now in the round. A good painter, Myers, in the general bankruptcy of his generation one of the very few who have grown. A pretty gift for satire too, if he would use it.

But the satirist *par excellence* is du Bois, and there I am ready to shout "American Scene" with the best of them. I doubt if any modern American painter has so rendered a type as du Bois has caught and rendered the New York flapper. The over-knowing gentleman of the underworld I am ready to take on trust. The flapper I know. There she is, transfixed on the point of du Bois' brush, kicking her columnar legs in the air, not onewhit abashed. The exhibition at Kraushaar's this year was, to me at least, a tonic. Biting satire invigorates after a long diet of soft words. And other qualities not less praiseworthy. A nice sense of space, the figures excellently spotted. The whole set down simply and directly. The simplicity of the surgeon who knows exactly where he is going to cut.

What a pity that there is no market for satire in America. Otherwise we could have a weekly paper with du Bois, de Zayas, Frueh and Bouché as its chief contributors. But I guess we'd all be in gaol before the month was up. . . .

But this was to have finished up the review of the season and here I am, almost at the end of my tether, with a host of names not so much as mentioned. Stella at the New Gallery, Pamela Bianco at Knoedler's, Georgia O'Keeffe at the Anderson, Marin at Montross', Eilshemius at the Société Anonyme. . . .

Stella and Marin can be taken, I think, as seen. They were among the first of the American moderns to form a style of their own. Much water has flowed—where whiskey was wont—since they first achieved eminence, many names have disappeared, new names sprung up. Yet they still hold their own. Marin indeed has grown visibly in the last two years. His *aquarelles* have a depth and a spaciousness which formerly they lacked.

Pamela Bianco's exhibition disappointed me. I had expected too much, I fear. A fulfillment of the abundant promise of three years back. What a joy that first exhibition was, from the first child's drawings, aged six, eight, ten, to the incredible maturity of thirteen. What limpid purity of color, how intimate the relation between the child painter and her world. But in three years she has discovered a technique and the technique, alas, *porte le pantalon*. Only temporarily I can not but hope. Pamela Bianco is too real a person to be content to remain an able painter.

So much nonsense has been written about Georgia O'Keeffe that I hesitate to write more, for I am never sure that I really understand her. There seem to be two O'Keeffes, one austere, emotion held tightly in check, the other emotion flung to the winds. Whether the latter expresses in her pictures all that the obstetric school of criticism—Paul Rosenfeld, founder and president—would have us believe, I can't say. But personally and very frankly I prefer the former. There are few things in modern art as lovely as her flowers.

By way of a minor gesture, and because not one critic took the trouble to look at it when it was hung at the Salons of America, I mention here Arnold Friedman's "Mother and Child." Unless I am wildly wrong, it is one of the most remarkable contributions to modern American art, and, to me at least, wholly unexpected. At one bound Friedman has become an artist of the first rank. The purity of color, pure blue and red, resonant throughout, with never a dead spot, without a trace of modeling, yet realized perfectly in the round, above all the manner in which the relation of child to mother is expressed, make it a picture to marvel over.

An Early Portrait by Lucas Cranach



PORTRAIT (OF FRAU REUSS)

BY LUCAS CRANACH

THE acquisition of an early portrait by Lucas Cranach for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin is a very important addition to the stock of the gallery, which was possible through the exchange of certain less important works. Our knowledge of Lucas Cranach's early period is particularly based on three pictures: the "Crucifixion" in Munich, the "Flight Into Egypt" in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum and a portrait of Dr. Reuss, rector of the university in Vienna, in the German Museum in Nuremberg. The latter is the pendant to the new acquisition representing very probably the wife of Dr. Reuss. It is the likeness of an elderly woman with a large white bonnet like a beedgear, the dress is strawberry color trimmed with gold embroideries, the features are painted with glassy translucent colors under which the blue lines of the first sketching become visible; the face is drawn with utmost delicacy, especially the mouth and the strongly curved individual nose, while the drawing of eyes and hands does not reach the same perfection. The landscape in the background evinces the artist's deep feeling for nature, proper to his early period, in contrast to the coldblooded craftsmanship of his later pictures. The canvas had belonged to a princely collection in the south of Germany and is twenty-two by fourteen inches in size.—FLORA TURKEL.



BUST OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BY HOUDON

FIVE BUSTS BY DAVIDSON

WHEN it became known that d'Alembert had offered Houdon's bust of Voltaire to the *Académie*, the people of Paris crowded the master's workshops to admire, to criticize and to be inspired by the plastic replicas of their spiritual benefactors—Jean Jacques Rousseau, Benjamin Franklin, Voltaire, d'Alembert and Diderot. We are told that the crowds before these effigies seemed to be moved by the same vital emotion that they would have felt in the presence of the

In this group of recent portraits by Jo Davidson the writer sees a renaissance of the work of Houdon

KARL FREUND

great men themselves, and we can indeed hear them in chorus: "It's he, Voltaire—his perspicacity;" "it's he, Rousseau—his human complexity;" "it's he, Franklin—what ingenuity!"; and not one would venture to remark, "what an interesting interpretation!" They all felt grateful to the wizard who could mix in his clay in a few short hours the essence of his sitter's life and thought, told and untold, his height and his depth, his emotions and his dreams.



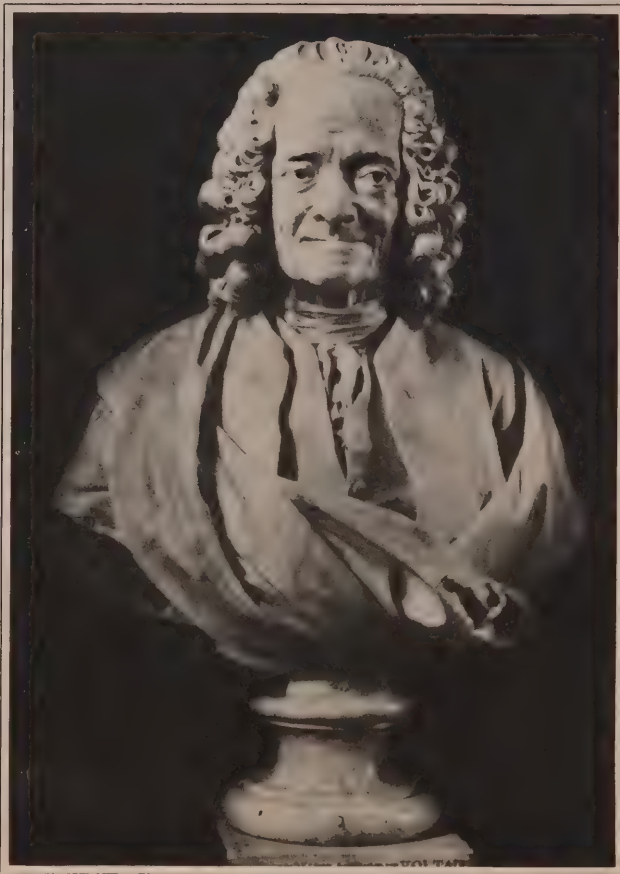
BUST OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF SAMUEL M. VAUCLAIN

BY JO DAVIDSON



"VOLTAIRE AVEC PERRUQUE"

BY Houdon

Forgetting Donatello and the realists of the *cinquecento*, sculpture had become styled, a servant of architecture, and busts were but symbols of moods or devotions solemnly placed in arches, niches and on pediments or in any conceivable empty spot on exteriors or in interiors. And thus Houdon's sculptured portraits, enriched with both physical and mental veracity, vivid biographies of those who conquered mediocrity, gratified the individualist consciousness of the day. At all times "the decorative" has tempted the sculptor, from the creators of the gargoyle to Bernini, to the Cubists and Expressionists. They were all expressionists in their generation, admirable until they tried portraiture.

Portraiture is like throwing a level bridge from cloud

to cloud and the sculptor who sets his bridge-head too high is a juggler or a fraud, and the one who sets it too low a commercial artist or a dilettante. In our days few sculptors have justified verism in portraiture more masterfully than Jo Davidson and few busts may claim the name of portraits as unreservedly as the remarkable group of five recently completed by him: the bust portraits of John D. Rockefeller, Samuel M. Vauclain, Otto H. Kahn, Mitchell Kennerley and William D. Guthrie. All five are such astounding likenesses that, skilfully photographed with their sitters, these busts seem as incarnate as the models themselves and in defiance of all modernist axioms have the imaginative qualities of the sitters. Davidson's art is undemonstrative, but there is a warmth about his modeling of flesh which makes it radiate the heat of the body, and there is an insistence of expression in the facial curves and folds which infallibly tells the epic of the sitter.

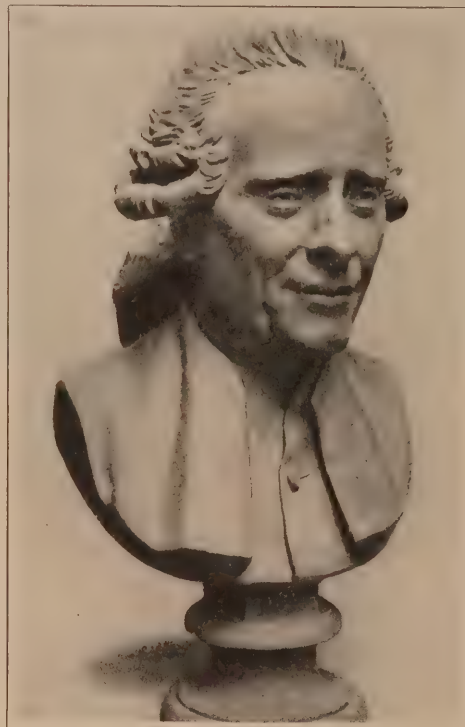
Returning to the parallel of the Houdon five, one feels tempted to draw comparisons with the Davidson group in more than one direction. All portraits of exceptional men who knew more or achieved more than their contemporaries in their complexities present to the sculptor ever varying problems of technique and composition. Only the great artist can fix irrevocably the mutations of time and circumstance.

The comparison between Davidson's Rockefeller and Houdon's Voltaire *avec perruque* is irresistible. Both octogenarians (I believe there is a difference of one year in the ages of the two sitters), they must have awed their sculptors, youngish men, charting the crowded roads and byroads inscribed in their countenances.

One remains struck with a visionary presence in the portraits both of the cynical agnostic and the relentless builder of a financial empire. Their transcendental natures seem to pour through their eyes. Of Houdon's Voltaire, Grimm writes (*Grimm-Diderot Correspond-*

BUST OF D'ALEMBERT

BY Houdon





BUST OF MITCHELL KENNERLEY

BY JO DAVIDSON



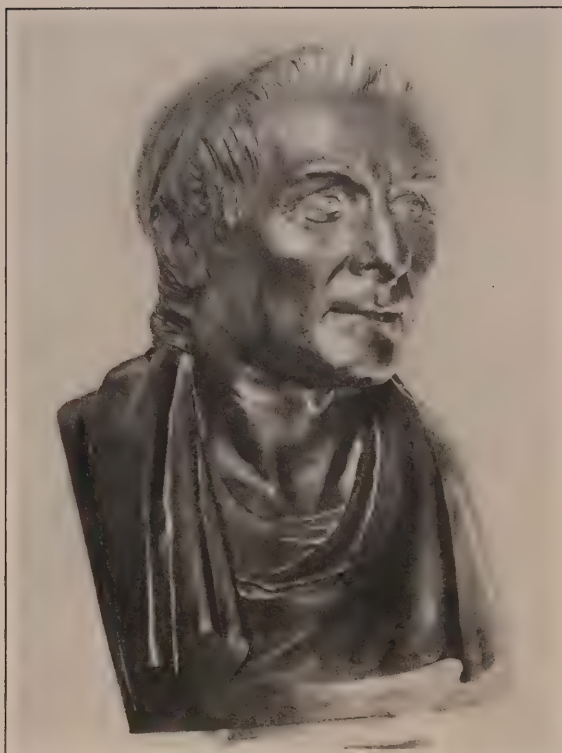
BUST OF OTTO H. KAHN

BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF WILLIAM D. GUTHRIE

BY JO DAVIDSON



BUST OF ROUSSEAU

BY HOUDON

ence): "The eyes are full of life by an effect of light so ingeniously managed that M. Greuze himself on seeing the bust the first time imagined they were eyes of enamel or of some colored matter. We were witnesses with several others of an error so flattering to the talent of one of his *confrères*." The eyes of the Rockefeller bust are as baffling. By building their interior in almost invisible steps Davidson draws shadows of unexpected depth into the eyes. The projected expression, with the translucent skin and the challenging rake of the head, gives an ecstatic quality which is in strange contrast with the sobriety of the sack coat. Houdon was more fortunate in being allowed to cloak his busts with the rich folds of antiquity.

One is inclined to drape the shoulders of William D. Guthrie with a *toga praetexta*. This magnificent head with its smooth, firm skin and its pose of masterful authority could have graced the forum.

Davidson's versatility is the outcome of his receptive humbleness. He has no mannerism or rigid method to start with. He puts his sitter at ease and makes him unconsciously dictate the form of composition; but the ambitious gentleman who would have the sculptor do him "just like" one of the great men in our group would find himself unsatisfied.

Vauclain is remindful of Houdon's *chef d'œuvre* of Franklin, not, one might surmise, because both

Franklin and Vauclain achieved fame in Philadelphia, but in their patriarchal and whimsical simplicity. Vauclain's daring head is modeled with a joyful breadth in a generous and unhesitating spirit. I recall in no modern sculpture a mouth of greater plastic perfection.

In juxtaposition to the broad and naturalistic Vauclain we find the bust of Mitchell Kennerley a romantic rendition in its deliberate modeling, recalling Houdon's d'Alembert, imbued with an expression of Olympic repose which suggests the familiar portrait busts of Goethe. The subtle play of lights in the treatment of eyes, nostrils and lips gives to the profiles a touching, intimate charm.

There is an air of the *cinquecento* about the spirited bust of Otto H. Kahn. It is sternly realistic, and still there is a note of decorative balance in its conception which speaks of Verrocchio.

There is something biologically fundamental in those art creations, there are so few of them among the myriads of the stillborn, which thrill generation after generation, living through social and cosmic convulsions, surviving revolutions and empires. We believe that there is in Davidson's busts the supreme quality that will give them this perdurability, so that they will live in the appreciation of future times as Houdon's work lives in ours.

Photographs of the Davidson busts by Charles Sheeler

BUST OF DIDEROT

BY HOUDON



Jacques GALLOT'S ETCHINGS

THE RIGHTFUL place of the French masters of engraving has recently been engaging the attention of a group of authoritative critics and experienced amateurs of that country

with the result that several important books on the subject have appeared or are announced for publication. The first volume of *L'Histoire Illustrée de la Gravure en France* was issued in 1923, the work of F. Courboin, keeper of the *Cabinet des Estampes* in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* of Paris, who was assisted by the editor, M. Le Garrec. G. Bouvy has written of Robert Nanteuil and a catalogue of the engravings of Abraham Bosse is also a part of this growing body of literature. The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* of Paris has issued the first part of volume one in a series of four devoted to the work of Jacques Callot, the most popular etcher in France.

Jules Lieure, the author of this comprehensive series, has devoted over twenty years to the

Creator of new technique in his art he was also a great military and social historian of his time

EDMOND BURON

study of Callot, visiting every museum, library and collection in France and abroad where his work was to be found.

Callot was born in Nancy towards the end of 1593 or

early in 1594. Even in his boyhood he felt an irresistible attraction to the study of art. In spite of his father, who wished his son to enter the church, he persisted in spending his leisure hours in drawing and sketching. He had a few lessons from the artist Claude Henriet whose son, Israel, then studying the fine arts of Rome, used to send home enthusiastic letters which fired young Callot with the desire for an artistic career. When he was fourteen he ran away from home without a penny and joined a band of Gypsies with whom he wandered as far as Florence. He found his way to Rome and to his friend Israel Henriet. But he happened to meet a company of merchants from Nancy who recognized him and took him back to his family. He was tenacious and obstinate,

"L'EVENTAIL"

BY JACQUES CALLOT



*Ne uoila pas de braues messagers
Qui vont errants par pays estrangers.*



"LES BOHEMIENS: L'AVANT GARDE"

BY JACQUES CALLOT

however, and resolved to set out on other wanderings, and this he did not long after with a small provision of money which his mother probably had given him. No sooner had he arrived at Turin than he met his eldest brother, Jean, who immediately took him home again. At last his father had a change of heart. He saw that the boy's determination was unshakeable and so permitted him to proceed freely to Italy in the company of an ambassador from Lorraine.

Jacques spent three years in Rome, from 1609 to 1612, as a student of Philippe Thomassin, an old engraver and dealer in religious prints. From him he learned the use of the burin and the art of cutting figures upon a copper plate. In 1612 he went to Florence where he stayed for nine years. He was admitted to the studio of Giulio Parigi, an architect-engineer who held an office in the court of Tuscany for the or-

ganization of fetes and pageants. Parigi used to have souvenirs and historical records made of these events in which costumes, chariots, carousels, etc., were reproduced in drawings and etchings. Under the guidance of this master Callot could indulge in free flights of his fertile

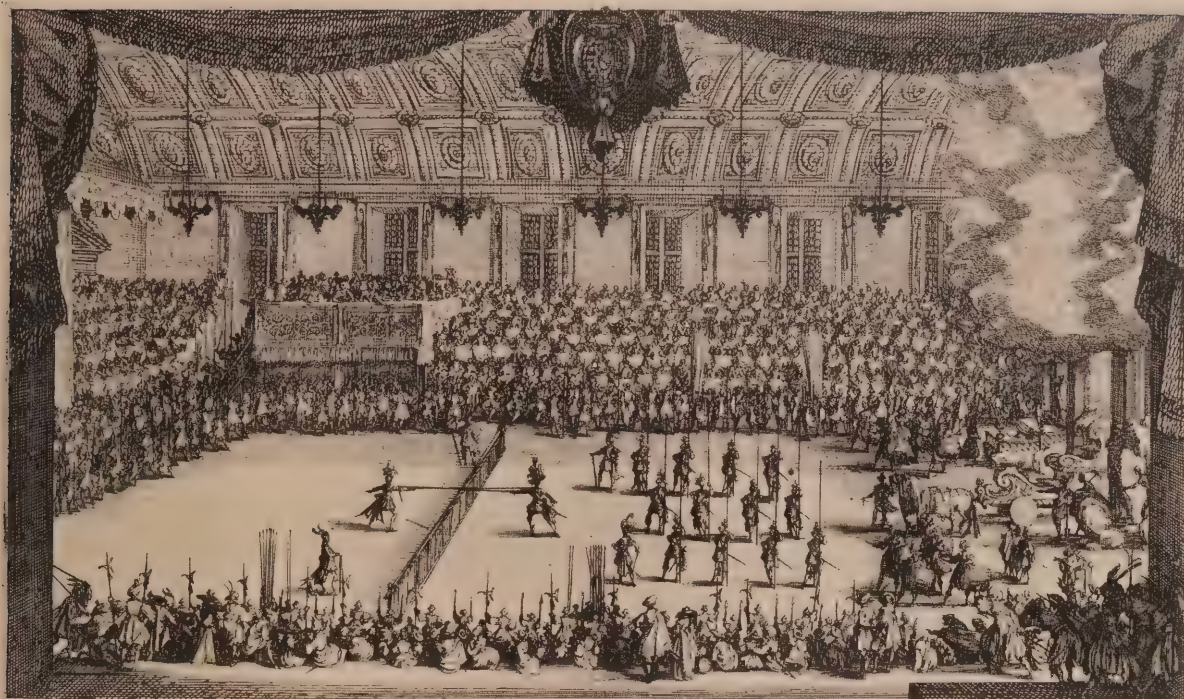
imagination. Etching he adopted with pleasure; it ideally suited his temperament. Gifted as he was with exceptional dexterity he quickly became a master himself. He conceived a deep admiration for the grace and elegance of the Italian school. At first he exaggerated to gain a like effect, but he soon tempered his sentimental inclinations, with the result that his work took on a more harmonious aspect.

The etching process was at that time very little practiced. A soft ground was commonly used and consequently the artists could not acquire a very marked degree of finesse. Callot hesi-

PORTRAIT OF COSIMO II

BY JACQUES CALLOT





Combat a la Barriere

Jac. Callot In. et fec.

"COMBAT A LA BARRIERE"

BY JACQUES CALLOT

tated for some time between the two processes, of engraving with the burin or etching with acid. One day he received an order for two small designs for a goldsmith to be done on a hard ground prepared with the kind of varnish used by violin makers. Callot produced an extremely fine work and thenceforth he employed this process, improved the composition of the ground and, by dint of study and perseverance, laid the foundations of a new technique which revolutionized the art of etching. This method is still employed today by etchers in all countries. Callot had now become an etcher *sui generis*, a painter-etcher who worked after his own designs.

Arthur M. Hind in his book, *A History of Engraving and Etching*, says of Callot's technique: "In the history of etching his work is a notable landmark, as it is among the earliest in which the practice of a second (or further repeated) biting was used to any extent. The varied tone of line achieved by this method opens possibilities of treating atmosphere and dis-

tance, which few even of the greatest etchers have fully realized. In one other respect the technical character of Callot's plates demands notice, i. e., in the combination of graver work with etching. Like Mellan in line engraving, Callot is the special exponent of the swelling line in etching. In part he achieves his variation in breadth by holding the *échoppe* at varying angles as he opens the ground, but this would be seconded by cutting through the ground into the copper before biting. Moreover, after the biting, the lines were frequently strengthened with the graver."

The best works of his Italian period were produced during his stay in Florence. When he began to work on the hard ground process he had already executed "La Guerre d'Amour," "La Guerre de Beauté" and "Les Intermedes" with the soft varnish. But the day he commenced to engrave in the new manner real masterpieces came from his hands. "Les Caprices," the first series engraved on a hard ground, had so much finesse and delicacy of touch, disclosed so great a progress in his

"BALLI"

BY JACQUES CALLOT



Fracischina.

Gian Farina.



"LE PONT NEUF, PARIS"

BY JACQUES CALLOT

work, that it created a sensation among artists, amateurs and dealers. His first prints were in extraordinary demand. People were eager to obtain them, which probably accounts for their extreme rarity today. I might mention as the finest and most eagerly sought prints of Callot's Italian period "Le Massacre des Innocents," "La Petite Ferme," the portrait of Donato dell'Antella, "Les Quatre Banquets," "L'Évantail," "La Grande Chasse," the famous "Foire de l'Impruneta," "Soliman" and the portrait of the Grand Duke Cosimo II.

Callot returned to his native Nancy after the death of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He brought with him sketches, drawings and notes which he set out to utilize. One of his first important series was "Les Bohémiens," which records his youthful flight from home. Then came the "Balli," those grotesque Italian buffoons whose dances are known to us only because of Callot. Then the "Gobbi," the strange humpbacks whom the Grand Duke gathered at his court and incited to wild contortions by the offer of wine. Mention should also be made of "Les Gueux" (the rascals), a series of twenty-five in which his subjects are treated with genial simplicity.

Among the works of the first period of his artistic life in Lorraine mention should be made of a few remarkable prints, such as the small "Passion," "La Noblesse," "La Foire de Gondreville," "La Petite Thèse," "La Grande Thèse," "Pandore" and especially "Le Parterre de Nancy" and "Le Combat à la Barrière." These magnificent etchings, especially the last two, which were produced on the occasion of a reception given by Charles IV, Duke of Lorraine, in honor of the

Duchess of Chevreuse, brought to Callot a commission which contributed much to the extension of his reputation throughout the world. The Infanta Isabella requested him to make an engraving of the siege of Breda to commemorate the glorious achievements of her armies. Through this print he became universally known to connoisseurs and by 1628 he was receiving orders from such distinguished patrons as the King of France who invited him to Paris and ordered from him two battle scenes, the "Siege de Ré" and the "Siege de la Rochelle." In the French capital Callot made the acquaintance of several prominent members of the court and ties of friendship soon united him to them, particularly in the case of the physician de Lorme whose portrait he engraved.

He lodged with his old friend Israel Henriet who lived at the Petit Bourbon, near the Louvre and the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, so named after the house which had been the residence of the Connétable de Bourbon. He took as collaborators for the engraving of the ornamental designs which edged his sieges the engravers Michel Lasne and Abraham Bosse. After a short sojourn in Paris he was called back to Nancy by the death of his father with the result that he established himself in Lorraine. There he engraved two views of Paris from sketches done on the spot, the portrait of Deruet and "Les Grandes Misères de la Guerre," an admirable series of which good prints are eagerly sought.

Although Callot was still a young man he was nevertheless in a poor state of health mentally and physically. He was anxious as to the fate of his country which was suffering after the visita-

tion of a pestilence and the devastation of war. The political attitude of the Duke of Lorraine gave such alarm to the King of France that he besieged and finally occupied Nancy. Historians have recorded an incident that is worth telling. After the surrender of the city Louis XIII asked Callot to make an engraving of the siege of the Lorraine capital. Callot bluntly refused and, as the French sovereign's emissaries insisted, he declared emphatically that he would prefer to cut his thumb off rather than to offend against the honor of his country and his prince. The King withdrew his request and congratulated the Duke on the fidelity of his subjects. Callot led henceforth a life of sorrow and pain, his health declining with age.

Yet his activities were never relaxed. He produced many more plates among which are "La Vie de la Vierge," "Les Fantaisies," "Les Petits Apôtres," "Les Supplices," "L'Enfant Prodigue," "La Tentation de Saint Antoine" (a second plate on this subject) and lastly "La Petite Treille," his final work, which he did not print; death came upon him suddenly and he never saw the print.

"Critics of art may observe in Callot's work the transition from the Italian style of the sixteenth century to the French of the eighteenth," wrote Jules Lieure in his *Notes sur Jacques Callot* in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* in 1918. "The historian finds in this artistic storehouse valuable documentary material on military science, on customs and costumes, as also on the classical features of the Italian comedy. The etcher discovers, in their masterly treatment, a highly skilled hand employing an interesting technique." The same author gives me permission to quote from a forthcoming section of his book and he also gives me the right to reproduce some of his illustrations. "Callot," he says, "gives an extraordi-

narily vivid impression of life. Every line, stroke or dot breathes life, motion, transport, and action. Whatever he designs, his sketch is always alert, gay, living. He animates everything and depicts minute details—a peculiarity that characterizes genius—without rendering his subject clumsy; on the contrary the multiplicity of attitudes and gestures gives further proof of his proficiency and his pictures have a picturesque and pleasing vitality. And that is what constitutes Callot's superiority.

"Callot was in fact the etcher of his time; above all others he stands as the most representative of his century. The society of the first half of the seventeenth century has been better depicted and analyzed in his work than in that of any contemporaneous writer. He contributes to the history of the reign of Louis XIII a fuller documentation than that of any historian. The calamities and horrors of war are related in a masterly series that no other artist has ever surpassed. Moreover Callot has lavished upon his successors an abundant store of subjects for composition—personages, scenes, original and characteristic details, in short an invaluable fund upon which they all have drawn or borrowed plentifully and often without acknowledgment."

The works of Callot have often been reproduced wholly or partly by painters. We may mention particularly Van de Penne who copied "La Parterre de Nancy" and Téniers the Younger who painted the "Impruneta," an admirable work that is to be seen today in the Pinacothèque of Munich. The genius of Callot has stamped its mark on all the eighteenth century, particularly in the use of the vignette. His works constitute one of the most important bodies of artistic production in the history of etching, and he is loved as the delineator of active and buoyant life.

"LES GRANDS MISERES DE LA GUERRE: LA PENDAISON"

BY JACQUES CALLOT



*Israel en son Prieur Roy.
A la fin ces voleurs infames et perdus,
Comme fruits malheureux a cet arbre pendus.*

*Monstront bien que le crime (horrible et noire engeance)
Est luy mesme instrumant de honte et de vengeance.*

*Et que cest le Destin des hommes vicieux
De prouver tost ou tard la justice des Cieux. 1)*



BRONZE WINE LADLE FROM THE TUANG FANG SET

The TUANG FANG Sacrificial SET

As this is the only complete ancient Chinese sacrificial set known to have survived to the present day it may well be considered the particular jewel of any collection and

for this reason the Metropolitan Museum regards its purchase from the heirs of Tuang Fang as the most important event in the history of the Far Eastern department. This set, consisting of fifteen pieces, dates from the latter part of the Chou period (1122-256 B. C.) and was unearthed in 1901 in the province of Shensi at Tou-chi-t'ai, thirty li from Pao-chi-hsien. Tuang Fang, who had accompanied the Dowager Empress at the time of her flight during the Boxer troubles, was then Viceroy of the province and consequently was able to add it to his collection, which is a well known one. Another object once in his pos-

A rare and complete set of Chou bronzes comes to America from the collection of a former Viceroy of China
HELEN GOMSTOCK

session that has found its way to this country is a Sui altar-piece, dated 593 A. D., which is now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

This set was used only for the sacrifice of wine.

Although food offerings were generally made there are no pieces here for meal or rice. The names and uses of the various pieces, so far as is known, is as follows: Standing on the bronze table, which is a little over three feet long, the two large urn-shaped objects with lids and handles are containers for wine and are called *Yu*. The wine was evidently brought to the ceremony in these. A certain amount was poured into the large vase in the center, the *Tsun*, for use during the ceremony. There is a smaller *Tsun* immediately at the right of the large one. The tall slender beaker at the left of the *Tsun* is a *Ku* and was used for toasting

THE TUANG FANG SACRIFICIAL SET



the spirits of the departed. It had a high rim to prevent spilling as it was swung in the different directions. The shape of this is familiar through the many flower vases of similar design. At the extreme ends of the table are two small tripod beakers, the one at the left being a *Chio* and at the right a *Chioh*. The *Chioh* is also illustrated separately. It was used in a pledge to the spirits and after a little wine was poured out (the spout was intended for that) it was set over a fire and the contents evaporated. It was removed from the fire by grasping its two small prong-like columns between two sticks. The *Chio*, which is a rarer form, was evidently used in a different ceremony, for there is no spout to permit pouring and no contrivance for lifting it from the fire.

Of the objects by the side of the table the one at the right is a *Chia*, and the three tall legs show that it was used to evaporate wine by placing it over a fire. A somewhat similar jar at the left is a *Huo*. It has a spout, a handle and a lid, the latter to prevent the escape of the fumes. The *Chia* on the other hand is open at the top. Three wine cups stand beside the *Huo* and these may have been used by the living who took part in the ceremony. All of these pieces standing by the side of the table are simply designed and are almost devoid of ornamentation. The table and all the pieces standing on it are elaborate in construction and in the patterns in relief which cover their entire surfaces.

Dr. Bosch Reitz of



BRONZE BEAKER, "CHIOH," FROM THE TUANG FANG SET



the Metropolitan Museum, writing of this set, says that "nine bronze incense burners cast by the Emperor Yu were the regalia of the Chinese Empire. In 116 B. C. the Emperor changed the name of his reign to commemorate the lucky finding of a bronze vessel in Shansi and the name of the city of Yung-ho was changed in 722 A. D. to Tao-ting-hsien (city of the precious sacrificial vessel for a similar event." It was in the Chou dynasty that bronze work probably reached its zenith.

BRONZE WINE CONTAINER, "YU," FROM THE TUANG FANG SET

Photographs by courtesy of the
Metropolitan Museum of Art



"LE GUITARISTE"

BY MONDZAIN

Mondzain, Modern Polish Painter

IN THE plastic mentality of the modern painter we have the true issue of contemporary art.

Its manifestations lead us to an estimate of the precise features of the "movement" since Courbet. In the "Guitariste" of the Polish artist, Simon Mondzain, we have a notable revelation of this concern for the "measures of an ideal proportion." Evidently Mondzain aims to give definitive form to the object before him by telling us how it appears to him in space. He does not care for the life of the man playing the guitar, though it is there sufficiently, nor is he interested in that deformation by which so many men of less tech-

nical surety give expression to nature. The result of his analysis of the flat surface of the canvas is a concentrated rhythm of line and a harmonious balance of planes. We have a sensation of spatial verities purely esthetic. This singularly forceful work was much commented on in the *Salon d'Automne*, 1922. Mondzain deservedly ranks high among the younger men. Possibly American readers remember his show at the Arts Club of Chicago in 1920. Since then, besides his regular exhibits in the *salons* of Paris, he has taken part in the International Expositions held in Geneva and in London.—LOUISE GEBHARD CANN.

LEAL'S "FINIS GLORIAE MUNDI"

NEVER perhaps since the cry of despair "Vanitas Vanitatum, et Omnia Vanitas" was given forth has the void of human and world affairs been expressed more powerfully than by the seventeenth century Spanish painter, Valdes Leal of Seville.

The two pictures reproduced here are in the chapel of the Ospedad della Carita at Seville, the quarters of an ancient fraternity which was founded for the purpose of giving graves to the tortured, and one of whose principal benefactors was Don Juan de Manara, who made amends for a profligate life by becoming a Major—in contrast to a Minor—Brother of Charity (Hermano Major della Carita).

The more terrible of the two pictures, the one entitled "Finis Gloriæ Mundi," represents in most realistic fashion the corpse of a bishop lying in its coffin in the midst of a charnel-house. The decomposed body appears from under the sumptuous sacerdotal garb with such truth to death as to cause many people, so says an old author, to recoil in horror from before the picture. Above, an angel is seen holding scales weighing on one side

animal figures symbolic of sins, on the other the merits of the dead priest and which, according to holy measure, weigh: "nimas, nimenos," i. e., "neither more nor less."

The second of the pictures, "Los Postrinierias



de la Vida" or "The Last Moments of Life," expresses the same idea, in more symbolical fashion, namely the vanity of all wealth, of knowledge, of power and of glory. A scythe in one hand, a coffin under the other arm, Death is seen trampling all these baubles under foot, proclaiming their ephemerality by placing his hand on the light of a torch which it extinguishes.

It is not surprising to find ideas of the kind expressed by the Spanish school which has always been above all others realistic.

Valdes Leal, who was a sculptor besides a painter, was a native of Seville, and a rival and townsman of Murillo for whom he entertained a great aversion but whose fame, despite all Leal's efforts to hinder it, for instance by excluding him from the Academy of Seville, far outweighed his.

—H. S. CIOLKOWSKI



SPANISH STAMPED LEATHER

AMONG all the wall and furniture coverings which have been used through the ages to beautify the home, stamped and gilded Spanish leather stands unrivaled for refined

richness and splendor. As effective as tapestry and more durable it had a far wider range of adaptability. Once used throughout the civilized world, from medieval days to the eighteenth cen-

tury, it is now scarcely seen outside of museums or rare private collections. This leather was called *guadamacileria*, or the art of decorating leather with painting, gilding, and impressions in relief, and it is generally believed to have originated with the Saracens of Africa, whence it came to Spain, in the Middle Ages. One writer thinks it derived its name from a town in Barbary, another, from a town in Andalusia, but all agree that this unrivaled leather was brought to its high state of perfection in ancient Cordova becoming in time the principal source of revenue. From Cordova the industry spread to Seville, Lerida, Barcelona, Ciudad Real and Valladolid; but Cordova always led the others and was admitted to have no rivals. In later years, when the

superexcellence of the leather became generally known, there was a ready sale for it all over Europe, and its manufacture finally spread to Italy and later to France under the patronage of Francis I.

Originated by Saracens in Africa it brought wealth to Spain by its beauty and durability

EDWARD B. ALLEN

the oldest examples are thought to be two small coffers in the Cluny Museum which belong to the fourteenth century. They are decorated with forms of animals cut from leather and laid on

Probably the earliest reference to this leather is in an old Spanish record in 1197 where it is mentioned as part of the tribute from the Jews. None of these pieces exist, however, for

Others in the South Kensington Museum, although very ancient, are not as old as the Cluny pieces. The leather became so highly prized that the kings of Spain considered trunks and other articles which were covered with it appropriate gifts to other sovereigns and friends. The earliest pieces generally represented a surface like brocade, in such colors as red, green, blue, black, white and carmine, with beaten silver. Oil colors were used, tempera being prohibited by law. Gold was not used before 1529, when Emperor Charles V confirmed the ordinances of the industry. It was in the period from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries that it reached its greatest development.

The craftsmen tanned the skins (sole leather or hides of

rams), then stamped the pattern on them from a wooden mould, finishing the design with what might be called engraving. The beautiful effect was produced by the contrast of colors, heightened by gold and silver, throwing into relief either



SPANISH CHAIR WITH LEATHER BACK AND SEAT. SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



VENETIAN CHAIRS WITH LEATHER BACKS AND SEATS, SIXTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

pattern or background. In one type the background was colored, in another the pattern only was in color. When gold was applied, the leather was smeared with oil where the figure was either to be raised or sunk. On this the workman laid the beaten gold and then applied a heated iron or copper mould, with which the pattern was stamped, the surplus gold being wiped away with lint. The irons were used moderately hot, for if overheated they would burn and if not hot enough the fixing of the gold would not be permanent.

By the end of the Middle Ages the industry had grown to such proportions that in Cordova it filled the quarter of the city known as Ajerquía; and in Seville it occupied nearly the whole of an important street called the Calle Placentines. "So many *guadamecías* are made here," wrote Ambrosio de Morales, "that in this craft no other capital can compare with her [Cordova]; and in

such quantities that they supply all Europe and the Indies. This industry enriches Cordova and also beautifies her; for since the gilded, wrought and painted leathers are fixed upon large boards and placed in the sun in order to be dried, by reason of their splendor and variety they make her principal streets right fair to look upon." According to Arellano contracts were signed for whole sets of pieces, and paid for in installments as the work progressed at the rate of three *reales* to the craftsmen for each piece and two and a half to the painters.

The oldest city law dealing with the craft was decreed in 1529. All such published during that century provided that every applicant for an official license to pursue this craft and open business as a *guadamacilero* must prove himself, in the presence of the examiners, able to mix his colors and design with them, and to make a

canopy together with its fringe, as well as "a cushion of any size or style that shall be demanded of him, nor shall he explain merely by word of mouth the making of same, but make it with his very hands in whatsoever house or place shall be appointed by the mayor and the overseers of the craft aforesaid." The laws also provided that the leather must be dyed not with Brazil-wood but with madder, and that the size of the pieces, whether silvered, gilt or painted, was to be strictly uniform, namely: "the size of the primitive mould three-fourths of a yard long by two-thirds of a yard, all but an inch, in width." There were standard measures of iron, stamped with the city seal, guarded under lock and key and the Ordinance of 1567 established the death penalty for every craftsman who in silvering his wares should substitute tin for silver. Severe penalties were also inflicted on tanners who cheated by using the hides of animals that had died from disease.

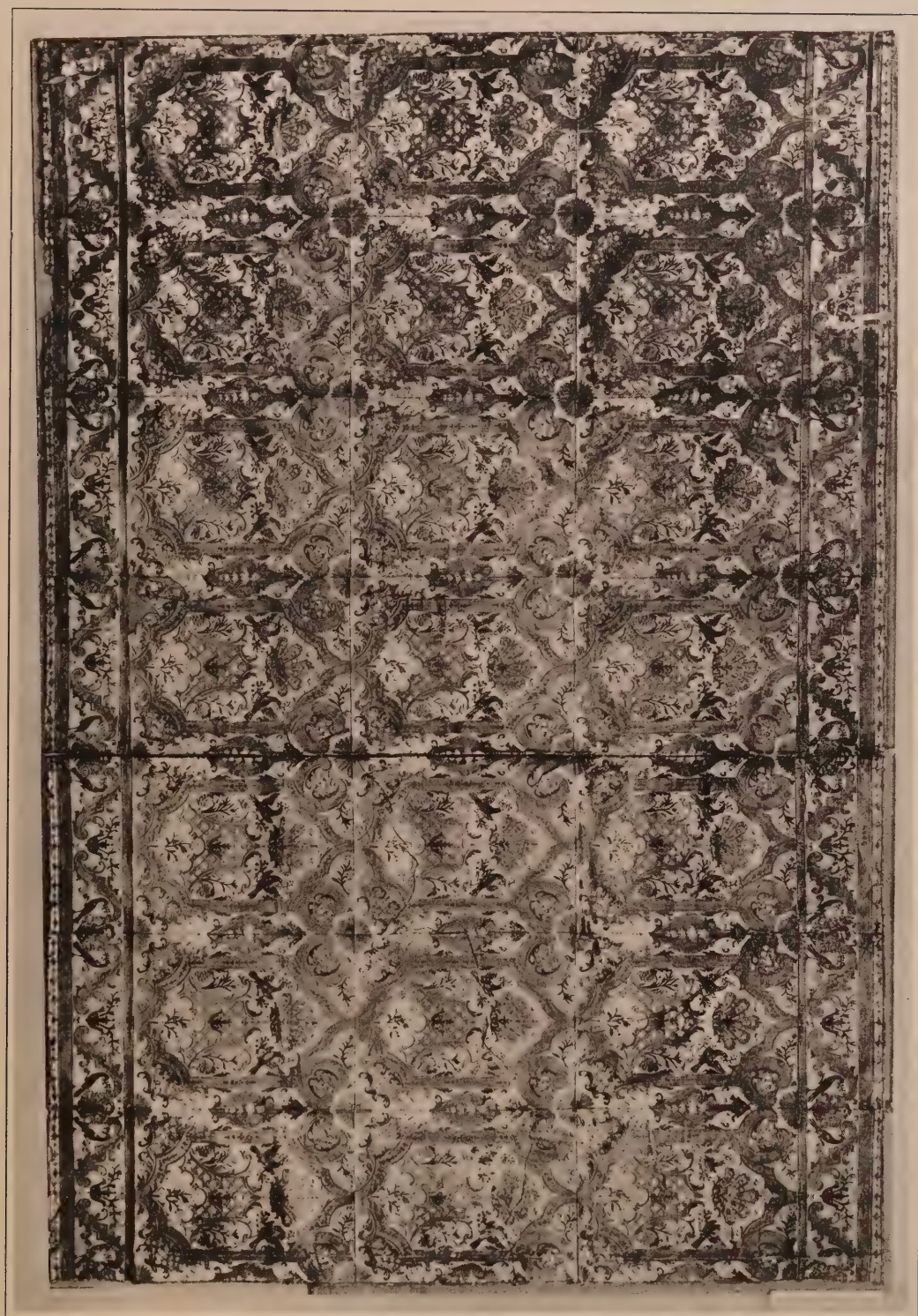
The leather was used for public, private and religious purposes, not only to cover walls of palaces and mansions, but also as table covers, counterpanes, bed-hangings, cushions, curtains for doors, linings for traveling-litters, coverings for chests, boxes, seats and backs of chairs and benches. In churches and cathedrals, especially in the sixteenth century, it was used in lieu of tapestry and carpets, altar frontals (like the one still preserved in the chapel of San Isidro in Palencia Cathedral) or crowns for images of the Virgin. As the craft progressed, the ornamentation changed from gold, silver and colors to elaborate painted designs. Ramirez de Arellano says "a hall would often be embellished by surrounding it with arches wrought of leather in relief and superposed on leather. As a rule the arches were gilt and silvered and rested upon pilasters or columns. When pilasters were used, their centres would be ornamented with Italian devices, such as flowers, trophies, imitated cameos, and foliage. Landscapes with a far horizon and no figures, known as *boscaje* or *pintura verde*, were painted on the space between the arches, so that the general effect was that of a pavilion with arches on all sides, displaying everywhere a wide expanse of fertile country. The arches rested on a broad bordering of *guadamecies*, and running round the lower part was a socle, commonly made of tiling. Such was the style most in vogue in Spain through the last half of the sixteenth century and such as was exported to Rome and that which was commissioned by the Duke of Arcos."

The Spanish chair reproduced here takes its beauty not from color, for it is all black, but from the rich graceful scrolls and flowers of its leather

seat and back, corresponding in design with the stretcher, which resemble in sharpness and excellence of execution an engraving on metal. The two characteristic Venetian chairs, on the other hand, have designs resembling damask silk, the figures in soft old gold with a background of rich chocolate brown. The apron below the cushioned seat is likewise figured with gold, while the acanthus leaves serving as finials are also gilded, producing an effect worthy of the grandeur of the Queen of the Adriatic. The French stamped leather hanging is a superb example of this craft.

In Florence the craftsmen were connected with the guild of tanners or saddlers, or an association of leather workers employed by the guild of doctors and apothecaries, or perhaps by all separately. The great skill of the Florentines and also of the Venetians is shown by the book-bindings which made the cities famous. Here also the guilds were large and important and carefully protected. The Florentines made a specialty of finishing the hides by soaking and boiling them many times in tan vats, till soft and malleable. The boiled leather was shaped by pressure while damp, its surface then stamped with the pattern and ornaments of all kinds, in high as well as low relief, after the manner of carved wood. This process was called "block stamping." The leather so treated was next stained black or rich, dark, madder-brown. Such articles as bellows, book-backs, chair backs and seats, writing cases, picture frames, door panels, wall friezes and hangings, pouches and bags, boxes of all kinds, made from this leather, are found in all collections of art treasures. There is a record of the middle of the fifteenth century to the effect that for a time fashion demanded pictorial ornamentation on saddles, shields, book-backs and other objects.

Why was this unique and noble art allowed to disappear? A. F. Calvert in *Southern Spain* ascribes it to the action of the government, saying that "the Catholic kings, absurdly enough, forbade its exportation to the New World, not wishing to deprive the mother-country of goods of such price. With protection on this scale we are not surprised to learn that the industry began to decline. Cordova was at length surpassed in its own line by Venice and other cities. The rich specimens of its work, which adorned the mansions of its old noblesse, were sold and dispersed all over the world, upon the general impoverishment of the kingdom in the eighteenth century." Leonard Williams thinks it due to the growing popularity of wall pictures, combined with French fashions which crippled and ultimately killed "this



STAMPED LEATHER HANGING. FRENCH, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

wonderful, decorative leather industry of Old Spain."

But art never dies, and today may be seen in Old Mexico and Southern California tooled or engraved leather that may be a faint survival like a far-off echo, of the ancient art. The small, individual shops of these modern craftsmen are familiar to tourists with their displays of leather

belts, hat bands, purses, bags and miscellaneous articles on which are cut or stamped fanciful patterns of flowers and scrolls. The craftsmen are few, uncontaminated by factory methods; each one as in the days of the ancient guilds prepares and fashions the leather, with his simple tools works in the design of his own creation, and sells it himself at the open window of his little shop.



"MARTYRDOM OF ST. URSULA" BY GERARD DAVID (?)

Courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library and the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Page from an Emperor's Prayer Book

THIS "Martyrdom of St. Ursula" is an illumination from the Hours of the Virgin made for the Emperor Maximilian early in the sixteenth century. The painter is thought to be Gerard David (1460-1523) to whom parts of the famous Grimani Breviary are also attributed. According to Weale he was one of the first Flemish artists of any importance to belong both to the painters' and the miniaturists' guilds.

St. Ursula's amazing story seems to have engaged the imaginations of many artists of that day, but because they were by nature amiable and gracious they did not know how, or perhaps did not wish, to make her story poignant. They were literal without being realistic; they stated the facts of her distressing martyrdom without conveying any of the tragedy or horror of the event. Memling is in his most enchanting mood in the shrine which he painted for her at Bruges. There is another version of her story in the altar-piece

by the Master of the Ursula Legend in the Convent of the Black Sisters in the same city. According to the legend, St. Ursula, a princess of Britain of the fourth or fifth century, set out with 11,000 virgins of noble birth for Rome. They sailed up the Rhine by way of Cologne to Basle and made the rest of the journey on foot. After being baptized by the Pope they set out again, Pope and Cardinals in their company, and embarked at Basle. Before they reached Cologne they were set upon by Huns (some accounts say Attila) and were shot down by archers from the shore. In addition to this prayer book the Pierpont Morgan Library has lent to the Metropolitan Museum for its exhibition "The Arts of the Book" (lasting until September 14), an overwhelming number of important manuscripts whose illuminations present a remarkably complete history of the arts of painting and drawing from late Roman times down to the early Renaissance.



"LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE"

BY COURBET

AN UNPUBLISHED GOURBET

HOW GOOD it is, after a surfeit of theory, to turn back to Courbet. To leave the motley crew of Montparnasse intellectuals, with their endless coffee-house discussions,

their precious personalities, their no less precious idiosyncrasies that they take for originality, their ever-present and ever-protruding sense of their own genius, and take refuge in the Courbet room of the Petit Palais. The sensation is indescribable. It can not be justly called relief, for the emotional impact is heightened an hundred fold. The contrast is rather as between a nervous tension and a muscular. Those play on the nerves; the exuberant art of a Courbet engages the whole body.

That is why it is more than ever useless to approach Courbet with an intellectual or esthetic yard-stick. The yard-stick in art is an invariable measure only for the little fellows, who buy their clothes ready made. The giants, who make their own according to their own stature and propor-

An unfinished picture, but one of his masterpieces, has recently been brought to America

GUY EGLINGTON

tions, use their own yard-stick. It is not hard to find if one is willing to take the trouble to look. Usually it is stated clearly in the first bars of a symphony, in the first scene of a play, in the

main structural lines of a pictorial composition. In Courbet's case it is stated most clearly in his masterpieces, in the "Enterrement à Ornans," in the "Combat des Cerfs," in the "Vénus et Psyché," in "La Vague," in the self portraits, in the "Demoiselles au bord de la Seine." The chief unit of that measure is strength. Not strength in the sense of a latent force that can be harnessed and set in motion at will, but in the sense rather of an explosive force that can not be contained, that can be directed but never tamed. It is useless to urge that pure automotive power is outside of the esthetic canon, that the history of art shows no instance of the creator at the mercy of the life principle. The objection may be both esthetically and historically just. It is none the less irrelevant.

I have said that a masterpiece by Courbet engages the whole body. If you doubt it, look at the torso of the sleeping girl in the "Demoiselles au bord de la Seine," or at any one of the nudes, she of the "Atelier" or the study for the "Vénus et Psyché." The sensation of the spectator is, I dare to say, different from that evoked by any other modern work of art, if one except perhaps the sculpture of Maillol. A nude by Courbet, the "Pomona" of Maillol, these are so overwhelmingly powerful, their appeal is so directly beyond the brain to the muscular system, that the body, striving in all its limbs to realize them,* is left exhausted, the breath beaten out of it. Only in the light of this strength, this untamable life, is the enigma of Courbet possible of solution. It conditioned his tremendous productivity; dictated his violent and bombastic utterances; caused him to adopt and trumpet forth as his own esthetic doctrines which were as foreign to his work as they were foreign and abhorrent to the public at which they were hurled; drove him to grandiose and ever more grandiose demonstrations in the effort to appease his ravenous egotism; drove him finally to mistake the very nature of his power, to the insane belief in his own omnipotence no less political than creative, which culminated in the almost comic tragedy of the *débouloonnement* of the Colonne Vendôme.

For us who read the story of his life in the light of his work, it should not be difficult to stomach his wildest theory, his most outrageous boasting. Judged by his own standard of strength, he was in truth a giant among pygmies. Even the great Delacroix was a little girl beside him, and as for Corot. . . Nor need his theory trouble us. A glance at his work suffices to disprove it. But the mass of his contemporaries never even saw the work. The red herring of theory stifled, then as always, every other scent. Set one of the amazing "caricatures" over against the original it was intended to satirize. There is simply no connection between the two. The caricaturist satirizes not the work, nor yet even the man, but a grotesque mumbo jumbo of his own imagination. Take for example the drawing of the mother who terrifies her squalling child into silence with the threat that she will send for Courbet. Courbet was to his contemporaries a bull who had strayed into the dainty china shop of the Third Empire, and stood there bellowing and stamping. Outraged by the uproar, in terror for the china, they

never dreamed that what they term brute force might be creative no less than destructive.

No one, I think, continues to reproach Courbet with the theories of Proudhon, though his admirers still feel bound to apologize for them. But, strangely enough, the reproach of vulgarity is still heard, especially in Paris. I remember how shocked a French artist was when I told him that the great revelation of my first Paris trip was Courbet, and with what unction he quoted the dictum of Delacroix: "La vulgarité des formes ne ferait rien, c'est la vulgarité et l'inutilité de la pensée qui sont abominables." It is a verdict which Delacroix, faced with the later works, never repeated, wholly out of sympathy with Courbet as he was. And wisely. Be it esthetic heresy or no, it is none the less true that the raising of strength to the *nth* power makes the imputer of so mean a fault as vulgarity ridiculous. Vulgarity is as powerless to sully a masterpiece by Courbet as mud to taint a mountain torrent. Greene accused Shakespeare of vulgarity, the Victorian esthetes Wagner, and both with perfect justice. Not long ago Charles Buchanan pointed out to me a passage from *Tristan*, a distortion of the gallant *Tristan* motive which occurs immediately after his passionate entry in the second act, and which, wrenched from its setting, would serve admirably as accompaniment for the entry of a drunken sailor into a brothel. Yet that does not prevent the second act of *Tristan* from being the most exquisite, as it is the grandest evocation of human passion in all music, I had almost said in all art. Vulgarity seems even to be an essential element in the superabundant overflowing strength that marks the greatest creators. Beethoven abounds in it. It were easy to find examples in Dante and Milton. Even in Michelangelo. Even in Bach. . . . What matter, since in the torrent of creation it lives no longer as an offense, but rather as a savor, an antidote against insipidity. It is the masculine element asserting itself. (The strength of Antæus is conditioned by contact with the earth.) What in the hands of a little man were beastliness, in the hands of an artist is raised to the dignity of a vital element in the architectural scheme. A great artist can only achieve vulgarity by renouncing his creative power, by electing to describe instead of evoke, by playing on the surface instead of diving into the heart of things. So long as he creates from within, whatever his subject, whatever his intellectual approach, the term vulgarity, whether applied to form or to thought, is without meaning.

Courbet has been scurvily treated as well by apologists as by detractors. To the latter a finger

*To replace this awkward circumlocution, Alfeo Faggi suggests the term *palpabilidad*, which conveys my meaning with admirable exactitude.

pointed at any one of his masterpieces is answer enough. His friends who have never ceased to excuse him are enemies more insidious. No honest biographer, unafraid of facts, has given an unadorned story of his life. His very letters have appeared only in mangled form, under a catchpenny title. Yet such letters as have been published suggest that he has everything to gain by having the cards put on the table. There is a fine gusto about these letters. The clumsy ungrammatical French, full of awkward turns of speech and banal phrases, is shot through with vigor and energy. With boyish delight he describes the famous luncheon with the director of the *Beaux Arts* at which he informed that worthy that he was "l'homme le plus fier et le plus orgueilleux de France," and therewith defied the government. "Si bien," he adds deliciously, "que je suis redevable au gouvernement d'un déjeuner." The affair of the mammoth exhibition which he staged at the Rondpont d'Alma is described in a series of letters. A matter of one hundred thousand francs for the ground rent. Two hundred pictures. Tremendous publicity. "Encore une fois je triomphe," he writes. And his only regret is that he can not maintain the exhibition as a permanent museum, a giant memorial to himself. One laughs, but, despite laughter, a sense of the man's greatness remains. Even to stage his *démonstrations* must have taken the strength of a Hercules. Add to that his thousand pictures, painted before his forty-eighth year. "C'est gigantesque," as he would say.

And with it all, his charming naïveté. I know of only one good word picture of the man, that which Théodore Silvestre wrote apropos of the Montpellier profile: "Encore naïf, tout joyeux de tout, surtout d'être Courbet; parfois spirituel sans la moindre culture d'esprit, presque charmant, même en son égoïsme et ses rodomontades. Ah! qu'il était beau et bon garçon en ses lourdeurs naturelles et ses malices ensabotées, encore tempérant non de langue, mais de gosier, et relativement correct, quoique déjà très estaminier, très noctambule, trop bruyant et rieur, rieur à se



DETAIL FROM "LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE"

BY COURBET

tordre, riant de rien, riant de tout, même à la procession, riant aux éclats . . ." The spectacle of the "great laughter" miscast for protagonist in a political debacle is a fit subject for tragedy.

Enough of the man. And yet—not enough. The enigma remains, which only a better knowledge of himself can solve. And where is that knowledge to be gotten? Not from his biographers, for these slander through false shame. Not from the letters, for Courbet was too inarticulate to express any but the most elemental emotion. A sense of his strength emerges, of the life surging through him, but no hint of the channels into which that life is to be directed. And this, the second unit of his measure, it is which baffles. Even a study of his work reveals little. Willard Huntington Wright has made in his *Modern Painting* a compositional analysis of the "Enterrement" and discovers that it is based on what he calls the weakened S. A diligent eye might discover the same figure more freely treated in the "Atelier" and even in "La Toilette de la Mariée" traces are discernible. But even granting connection to these similarities, perhaps an identity of

origin in a composition once seen and admired, to erect thereon a theory were more than dangerous, were positively misleading. Courbet did not compose like that.

It is doubtful indeed whether the word composition in the pedagogic sense would have conveyed any meaning to his mind. Allowing for the play of subconscious memory which may have dictated an occasional group form, study of the pictures, his successes no less than his failures, throws one back on the same elemental impulse which conditioned his whole being and, despite imputation of heresy, his whole production. One is driven to accept life as a force not altogether blind, but endowed with the faculty of directing and shaping. I look at a Courbet and I think of a tree, a forest of trees. Your tree grows. Its whole striving is upward. It needs light and air. If the way directly above is blocked, it will turn and twist its trunk till it perceives an opening. Then up again. So with a Courbet. The same upward striving. The same demand for space around, for air and light. The same indifference to its own shape, coupled with the same hidden knowledge that can it but grow to its full stature it will achieve dignity.

Follow the analogy. Tree, the individual element in the composition. Forest, the composition itself. It is amazingly just. One is as rarely moved to exclaim over the rightness of a Courbet composition as over masterly disposition of trees in a forest. Both *are*, and with a positiveness of existence that banishes thought of change. Each is inevitable as each is immutable. Because each grew.

There remains, important for one as for the other, light. For Courbet doubly important, since he envisaged composition, if at all, from that angle. Light welds together compositions which had else been episodic. For his figures he is content if they have freedom, do not cramp one the other's movement and rhythmical development. His is the forester's care, who clears encumbered ground, fells trees that threaten to crowd. But in his handling of light he is far more savant. The extreme sensitivity of his eye is in such contrast with the masculine vigor, the crudity almost of his creative power, that one fears to do the former justice, lest one be accused of wishing to endow him with irreconcilable qualities. Yet the danger must be faced if the problem of Courbet is to be fairly stated. On the one hand a power not too vastly removed from the power of a Michelangelo, on the other a delicacy to put to shame the delicacy of a Whistler. Stated thus, the problem appears, from the esthetic angle at least, less

insoluble. For in what most evanescent of his works did Whistler approach the transcendent delicacy of Michelangelo? But from the standpoint of the man the enigma remains. Grows indeed when one approaches his highest achievements, more and more baffling. One may explain the division between eye and brain, brain pounding with the relentless beat of a steam hammer, eye perceiving with needle fineness. But when one leaves purely esthetic values for human, as one must in face of such works as the "Enterrement" and the "Atelier," the discrepancy between the Courbet of history and the man whom these works predicate is such that the yard-stick which we have taken such pains to discover is powerless to span it.

In effect, we are faced in these works with a man who, besides giant creative vitality, besides the faculty for realizing objects in the round, endowing them with that almost painful actuality which we have called *palpabilidad*, besides extreme sensitivity to light and cunning in its distribution, is possessed of a humanity which lifts him bodily out of his century. And by this statement I do not mean to suggest that as pure painting these surpass such masterpieces as "La Vague," "Le Combat des Cerfs," "Vénus et Psyché" or any one of a dozen portraits one might name. Had he painted but one of these, Courbet's position among nineteenth century painters were secure. But just as the anecdotal English school of the last century proved *ad nauseam* that the highest moral message, nay a life devoted to the inculcation of the beatitudes themselves, is powerless to create a work of art, so these works of Courbet serve as a useful reminder that art is not so *pure* as modern painters have wished to make it, that creative power being equal the man who pours into his work the richest nature will live. We are apt to be easily wearied by the esthetic theories of the yesterdays; we do not cease to be held by the simplest of their men and women, provided an artist have the power to make them living for us.

That power Courbet had and spent in these giant compositions with a lavishness that ranks him with the great Dutchmen from whom he descends. Take the "Enterrement." It is no less than a dramatic representation of the life of whole community. Or the "Atelier." Swallow the theory, the elaborate symbolism. Smile over the naïveté of the death's head and the crumpled news sheet. And then—take it for what it is. A study, if you like, of life. Life in all its phases. Childhood, in the peasant boy who gazes open mouthed at the picture. Youth, in the lovers embracing in the window. Wealth, in the fashion-



DETAIL FROM "LA TOILETTE DE LA MARIÉE"

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able lady seen in profile to the right. Wisdom, in the group of philosophers, poets and writers. Labor, in the vine tiller. Poverty, in the hag from the gutter who sprawls behind the painter's easel. And beauty—there is no need to point at the nude—for beauty is everywhere.

It is with these, as I think, supreme achievements that the "Toilette de la Mariée"* will take rank. When I first saw it hanging in the Wildenstein galleries, flanked by two Renoirs, a Pissarro and a Toulouse Lautrec occupying the end walls, so habituated has one gotten to regard works of art from a purely esthetic angle that I saw it at first only as a marvelous essay in paint. I admired the central figure (what fulness of draughtmanship), the columnar woman with the towels over her arm (how like a Daumier), the grace of the young girls who make the bed, arrange the flowers, set the table. I took pleasure in the freedom of the grouping; marveled that fourteen figures could be disposed with such effortless ease as to give the spectator the sensation of spaciousness; was happy to sit before it and let eye wander around, in and out among the figures, viewing the scene from every angle, delighting in every detail. Noting that the picture was unfinished, I set out to study how the thing was done; followed every brushstroke; saw how simply line was built on line, form on form. The swing of the brush in itself enthralled me, the paradoxical upward thrust of the downward curve in the women's skirts, the clinging caressing line of the bride's skirt as it falls over her thighs, the taut dancing line of the bedsheet that ripples along the outstretched arms of the two girls, and seems to be tossed back and forth between them in a perpetual game. I studied the very composition of the stroke, the swift curved downward stroke that commences fat and unctuous to spend itself no less swiftly, the slow broad perpendicular that maintains through all its length its breadth and solidity, the fine taut horizontal stroke. And then the texture took hold on me, the infinitely subtle gradations of tone in the white dresses, from the bride's dress full in the light to the young girl almost lost in the shadow behind the table. Table cloth and bedsheet, themselves things of exquisite loveliness, and the aureoled figures at the window, glowed as though washed in light. It seemed as

though Courbet had taken a bowl of light and spilled it in through the windows so that it lay in pools on the floor, on the table cloth, on the shoulders of the girls.

I saw all these things and many more. But one thing escaped me. In my intentness on what I was pleased to call the purely esthetic I missed the crowning glory of the picture, its immense humanity. Here is the thing which Millet tried to do, and achieved only sentimentality, triumphantly realized. These are women grown out of the soil. The peasant painter has done honor to his own. More. The "Toilette de la Mariée" is in some sort a nineteenth century answer to the court painters of the *doux siècle*. You remember. A palace interior, furnished with every conceivable luxury. The great lady at her *toilette*, maids and gallants dancing attendance. Well, here is Courbet's answer. In place of a palace a farmhouse. In place of costly silks and brocades, coarse white linen. In place of your fine lady, fresh from her milk bath, with soft rounded limbs that droop gracefully, a peasant woman, hard featured, rough skinned, broad breasted, but full upstanding, strong. Here, he seems to say, is what you call ugliness. Here are women who have not been pampered, who have been beaten all their lives by sun, wind and rain. In place of soft contours and indolent grace I offer you strength and fullness of womanhood.

The "Toilette de la Mariée" is completely realistic, but it is a realism of another sort from that of Degas and Daumier. There is neither sneer nor pity in it. Nor any moral. Courbet is not the cynical observer baring the littleness of mankind. Rather he is the true democrat—one with his subjects, offering no apologies either for them or for himself. These, you feel, are his own people, simple, strong and intensely alive.

The Courbet who painted the "Enterrement," the "Atelier" and this "Toilette de la Mariée" is one whom no biography shows. Yet these three pictures lift him, I repeat, bodily out of his century. There will always be great painters, realists,* romantics, esthetes. Great men are rarer.

*In the preface to the 1855 catalogue Courbet wrote: "Le titre de réaliste m'a été imposé. . . J'ai étudié, en dehors de tout esprit de système et sans parti pris l'art des anciens et l'art des modernes. Je n'ai pas plus voulu imiter les uns que copier les autres, ma pensée n'a pas été davantage d'arriver au but oiseux de l'art pour l'art! Non! . . . Savoir pour pouvoir, telle fut ma pensée. Etre à même de traduire les mœurs, les idées, l'aspect de mon époque, selon mon appréciation, être non seulement un peintre, mais encore un homme. . . ."

*This picture, one of those brought over by M. Paul Rosenberg, has never before been reproduced, nor does any book on Courbet mention it. Although unfinished, it was not among the painter's possessions at his death. Probably the letters, of which the majority remain unpublished, will give some clue as to its history. In any case, it can hardly have been painted much later than 1855.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

ARTHUR B. DAVIES, ESSAYS ON THE MAN AND HIS ART. By Duncan Phillips, Dwight Williams, Royal Cortissoz, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Edward W. Root and Gustavus A. Eisen. Phillips Publications, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C. Price, \$10.

A SYMPOSIUM upon a living artist reminds one of a conversation about someone who is present. The conversation may be truthful and sincere and yet miss some of that refreshing frankness with which a group of critics might approach the work of, say, Piero della Francesca. Critics, for all they are supposed to be stern mentors, are really over-courteous and the atmosphere sometimes becomes quite strained with the quality of mercy, so that in this series of six essays it is a positive relief to come across such a statement as Dr. Mather admits making in 1909 that "Davies is a constant surprise and joy for the variety he contrives to employ within his well-marked mannerisms" and the admission today that the statement seems "still sound as to Mr. Davies' art in general. We have to do with exquisite mannerisms which are the flavor of the man, the flower of his art, and apparently its limitation." This is the closest approach to anything like severity in all of this charmingly written book, for it is undoubtedly delightful to read, possessing not only scholarship but literary distinction. Mr. Phillips himself, who has not had the more extensive experience in authorship of some of his collaborators, eclipses the rest in the clean-cut logic of his analysis of the elements of Davies' art.

Mr. Phillips thanks the other writers for having consented to limit their interests to a single phase of a subject each might well prefer to treat completely. But it was felt that six authors might succeed where only one would fail in presenting Davies to the future. As one reads through the six essays one sometimes wonders if the same man is the subject of each. With the exception of the fact to which one is forced to go back with each author and start anew that he is "of Celtic extraction," there are presented so vast an array of comparisons, so wide a range of origins for his art, that one is lost among complexities. Mr. Cortissoz is reminded immediately and vividly of Piero di Cosimo, Mr. Root says that a comparison to Botticelli is inevitable, while it is the name of El Greco that wanders most often into Mr. Phillips' pages. His love for antiquity is frequently mentioned by all of them and it remains for Dr. Eisen to develop Davies' understanding of the "inhalation" of the Greeks, which is another name for rhythm. Mr. Phillips finds it an easy transition from Da Vinci to Davies in the matter of scholarship; Mr. Cortissoz passes quickly from Michelangelo to Ingres and on to Davies in the matter of drawings, and it is on this subject that he employs an eloquent phrase. He says that he likes Davies' drawings because he "uses form as an idiom" in the language of art, which is a happy phrase indeed.

Mr. Root speaks of Davies' "Gothic yearning" and now that all the periods of Occidental art have been properly classified in relation to "the master," perhaps someone will ask why all of these gentlemen neglected to mention a most important and beautiful element in Davies' art, an evidence in both technique and spirit of the influence of the

great masters among the Chinese? If some of them would look beyond his antique Greek figures, as in "Leda and the Dioscuri," they might see a line of mountains high and fine which are worthy of comparison with those of a Sung or early Ming landscape, while in one of the finest of his paintings, "Sleep," the background is not only insistently Chinese but the brush strokes that have delineated those reclining figures suggest the austere yet subtle sweep of a Chinese master—and "Many Waterfalls" has a basic kinship with the spirit of Chinese nature worship which is rare in Occidental art.

An *edition de luxe* of this work is to appear this fall, printed on hand-made paper, limited to one hundred numbered copies, with an autographed portrait of the artist, an essay by Elizabeth Luther Cary, a loose-leaf plate, "and other added features" for the sum of fifty dollars.

AMERICAN GRAPHIC ART. By F. Weitenkamp. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$4.

THIS BOOK is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of Dr. Weitenkamp's work of twelve years ago. He has omitted some of the detail of the former which, he says, might help some very special investigator, but since it was not essential in the forming of a picture of the development of the art in this country it has been omitted in favor of more recent material which brings the book quite up to the minute. A book so complete as this—it is the only comprehensive history of American graphic art—runs the risk of becoming at times a mere dry catalogue but Dr. Weitenkamp saves the day with his own colorful style and some very happy quotations so that even the single phrase which summarizes an artist's work becomes singularly illuminating. There are chapters on our modern illustrators, on caricature, the comic sheet of our daily papers, the book plate, and one on "Applied Graphic Art from Business Card to Poster." Outside of these particular phases he carries the history of his subject along by considering its various aspects through the complete period, devoting chapters to engraving in line and stipple, mezzotint, aquatint and other tints and wood-engraving and lithography. He finds in the present etching revival much of high quality which does not need to be seen through the "rose colored spectacles of patriotism." Dr. Weitenkamp, who is chief of the print division of the New York Public Library, is also the author of "How to Appreciate Prints."

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS SERIES. CHARLES HOLMES. HENRY LAMB. STANLEY SPENCER. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2 each.

THESE THREE volumes bring this series on present day British artists up to eleven, the others having considered the work of John, Orpen, Rothenstein, Nash, Nicholson, Clausen, Shannon and McEvoy. The editor of the series is Albert Rutherston but the monographs are supplied by different writers in each case whose identity is revealed by initials only. The author who writes of Sir Charles Holmes explains why it is that he has become a first-rate painter although he never went to art school and has had time to be an editor, an author and professor and a director of art galleries. He is a painter of landscape,

cities, hills and factories and in the illustrations (thirty-five in each of these books) there is disclosed a keen appreciation of design and organization, a conviction that, as he would say, "a pictorial symbol must be used which has a relation both to nature and to art." Sir Charles Holmes was once editor of the Burlington Magazine and is now Director of the National Gallery. He was knighted in 1921.

Henry Lamb and Stanley Spencer belong to the new generation of painters. Both of them might be called "Modernists," and yet neither of them are typically "of the movement." Neither are imitators and probably neither will be imitated. Lamb shows a very slight influence from Picasso and also from Augustus John and his friend Spencer. Both Lamb and Spencer went through the war and some of their best work is drawn from it, work that is strangely literal. Lamb painted for the Imperial War Museum a bombardment in Palestine which the writer praises for his skill in handling diffuse detail. It avoids complexity by crystallizing a second of time, doing away with the suggestion of the passing of the moment, thus giving it an eternity of its own. There is also a portrait of Lytton Strachey by a window with a broad expanse of landscape giving him the appearance of being, as the writer says, "in a cage," very appropriately for one who lives in so close-walled a mental garden.

Spencer brings most enthusiasm to his religious and Biblical pictures although his war pictures are remarkable too. He reads his Bible with the fresh vision of one who has never heard of it before, and he paints its incidents in his own Cookham setting. The Virgin as a simple peasant girl visits Elizabeth in a Cookham kitchen and Christ carries the Cross past a Cookham brick house with lace curtains flying and people at every window. This is done without affectation. He has the beautiful sincerity of the Gothic and early Renaissance painters with whom he has so much in common. His "John Donne Arriving in Heaven," "The Resurrection," and "The Sword of the Lord" carry us, says R. H. W., through "Gothic simplicity to Renaissance science and from that in its turn to Baroque drama." He lives through these periods as a personal experience, however. He is the son of a professional musician and, growing up in an atmosphere of art, began his serious study of its technique at the Slade School at the age of eighteen.

THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS. By M. Schede.
Translated from the German by H. T. Price.
Schoetz & Parrhysius, Berlin.

IN THIS MONOGRAPH of one hundred and thirty-one pages there is presented a complete summing up of all the knowledge we have of the history of the Acropolis, its buildings and its sculptors described against a running narrative of Grecian history during the times in which these famous and noble structures were created. Although Schede leans strongly toward the sculptures as the most important element in the story of the Acropolis he does not neglect the buildings that were their reasons for being, his descriptions of these being singularly clear, complete and satisfying. In this aspect of his work he is helped much by the admirable drawings of F. Krischen of the classic structures as they were designed and by present-day photographs of the buildings and sculptures as they are now. One superb colored plate shows how the ancient Greeks painted the buildings and sculptures, the group selected to illustrate this phase of Greek architecture and sculpture being of extraordinary beauty. There are also two draw-

ings from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries showing how the Acropolis looked in 1670 and 1765.

BLOCK PRINTING AND BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN JAPAN. By Louise Norton Brown.
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$30.

TO ANYONE who has carried their enthusiasms for Japanese art to the point of seeking out block prints and wood engravings especially made as illustrations for books that student must have been much troubled by the lack of authoritative volumes on these related subjects, works that were really comprehensive. This want has been amply supplied through the text and pictures in Mrs. Brown's exhaustive volume to which she devoted many years of arduous research in Japan and which she completed just before her death. "Block Printing and Book Illustration in Japan" is a reference volume pure and simple, facts being its chief concern with no attempt at grace of style in setting them down nor any concern with esthetic guidance and appreciations. Indeed she deprecates any such aid to the reader assuming "that collectors would not be collectors if they did not know beauty and good work when they found it," her sole aim being to pass on "plain, hard facts, such as names, dates and the *Where* and the *How* of things."

Since woodblock printing has been known in Japan since the eighth century A. D. to contemporary times and since pictorial wood engraving was well established in Japan a century before Europe's earliest known wood engravings, it will be readily recognized how long is the tale told in these records. Mrs. Brown's twelve chapters cover all periods from these earliest times to contemporary illustrations, her descriptions telling both of the illustrations and of the various kinds of books in which they appeared. She devotes one chapter to suggestions to collectors and separate sections to the old bookshops of Japan today, a glossary and a bibliography. There are also remarkably complete indexes of artists and titles. The forty-three illustrations, eighteen of which are in color, complement the text admirably.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE REDEMPTION OF THE LOWER SCHUYLKILL. By John Frederick Lewis. The City Parks Association, Philadelphia.

AUTOGRAPH PRICES CURRENT. VOL. II, COMPRISING LONDON SALES FROM AUGUST, 1916, TO JULY, 1917, INCLUSIVE. Compiled and edited by E. H. Courville. Published by editor, London, England.

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN THE MAKING. Two Vols. The Encyclopedia Britannica, New York. Price, \$11.50.

ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS BY FRANK W. BENSON. An Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue with an Original Etching by Mr. Benson. Compiled and Arranged by Adam E. M. Paff. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Volume Three. Price, \$12.50.

DICTIONNAIRE DES MINIATURISTES SUR ÉMAIL. By Henri Clouzot, Conservateur du Musée Galliera. Albert Morancé, Paris.

HOUSE GHOSTS. By John Grimes. Illustrated by James Cady Ewell. Robert O. Ballou, Chicago. Price, \$2.

THE EDITOR'S FORECAST

IN THE SEVENTEENTH and eighteenth centuries the state bed in the palaces of kings and the homes of the nobles was the most conspicuous household possession. Although used as a bed it was actually the symbol of the owner's rank, wealth and social position. This was conspicuously so in France during the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV and Louis XVI when the first of these monarchs held receptions *au lit* and great ladies received their friends reclining on these great structures. The state beds of those times were ornate, costly and splendid affairs but gradually grew simpler and smaller as the desire for greater comfort and privacy developed the bedroom proper as a separate apartment from the great salon where the state bed always stood.

The fragile and perishable nature of their hangings, which were their chief glories, caused these beds soon to disappear once the actual bedroom came into existence and state beds are almost the rarest pieces of furniture that have come down to us. A history of these structures, the social ritual that grew up around them and the causes leading to their disappearance is told in an article on "Beds of the Three Louis" by William B. McCormick, in the October number, which is illustrated with reproductions of beds of the three periods, one of which has lately been acquired by an American collector. This is a Louis XIV bed dating from about 1700 and outside of two royal palace museums in France has no equal. Reproduced in color this bed will be shown in all its splendor of form and ornamentation including some needlework valances and panels of extraordinary beauty.

MANY ART MUSEUMS in the United States are created through the generosity of one man. The Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, D. C., differs from the average art institution of this class for the reason that in addition to creating and endowing it as a perpetual tribute to his father, Duncan Phillips directs every activity of the museum bearing his family name: buying its paintings and other works of art out of his own resources; managing its conduct purely as a museum; initiating and superintending the series of Phillips Publications devoted to individual artists. To create such an institution while still in his young manhood makes Duncan Phillips a unique figure in American art. Why he did what he has done in creating this splendid tribute to his father and what that tribute comprises in terms of building, collections and educational work is described by F. Newlin Price in an illustrated article in the October number.

"JEWELLED Windows of Old France"—the series of articles, published in recent numbers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, by Charles J. Connick on ancient cathedral glass—attracted great interest, both because of the author's interesting and authoritative comment and of the beauty of the illustrations. Readers of the magazine will want, therefore, to see Mr. Connick's article on modern American glass which will be published in the next issue. There are several glass makers and designers in this country today who are preserving the high ideals of artistic merit and craftsmanship which the *verriers* of the middle ages established. It is to them that we must look for windows which will beautify our churches, schools and public buildings and be as well a permanent record of splendid achievement

in this most difficult art. Much has been done already, and it is of the good accomplished and its promise for the future that Mr. Connick has written. In addition to numerous illustrations in black and white there will be two color plates of recently executed windows.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS for Dante's "Divine Comedy" were the last work which William Blake undertook. There are one hundred of them, now scattered among various museums in the British Empire. These drawings, like those illustrating Grey's poems, are comparatively unknown and will be of unusual interest on that account as well as for themselves. Several of them will be reproduced as illustrations to an article by Guy Eglington in the next number.

Blake and Dante are a singularly felicitous combination; each had a great and terrible imagination and an intensely spiritual nature. No one except Botticelli has rivaled Blake in the visual interpretation of the Italian poet and even Botticelli falls short of Blake in his rendering of the atmosphere of the Comedy, its passion and its gloom. Blake achieves reality even in the strangest forms which people his drawings.

THERE is a fascination about collecting which takes hold, in some form, of almost everyone. There is an equal interest in the exploration of far-off lands and adventures among strange peoples. But even of those whose delight is in old brasses few can join a caravan to Thibet, cross Arabia or talk with the priests in old Indian temples. All of these things, however, Charles K. Moser has done, picking up pieces that interested him, sometimes easily, sometimes after a delightful adventure. In "The Story of My Brasses," which will be published in the next issue, he tells a tale which will make him the envy of every collector and traveler. It is not everyone who has a teapot which the Mongol chief who owned it valued above two wives. Half across Asia the story runs with an amusing or exciting experience at every turning.

THE SCULPTORS whose figures have been refused exhibition because a jury could not believe that work so accurate was not cast from a model are few. Rodin is the most famous of these, and when one has seen the disputed statue it is difficult to smile at the mistaken jury. Working in another field from that of the great Frenchman, Albert Laessle fell under the same suspicion and met with as complete a vindication. Laessle is a sculptor of animals, small by preference, and it was the bronze figure of a turtle which was disputed. So accurate was it in every detail that the jury of the *Salon* was sure that it had been cast from a living model. There could be no higher compliment to his craftsmanship, and the question of his method was easily answered. But Mr. Laessle is more than a merely accurate sculptor. In all of his groups and single figures of birds, lizards, frogs and small animals there is splendid composition and movement. He has caught the native grace of his subjects as few artists have been able to do. In the next issue there will be an article by D. Roy Miller about Laessle and his work, illustrated by a number of charming examples of his sculpture.

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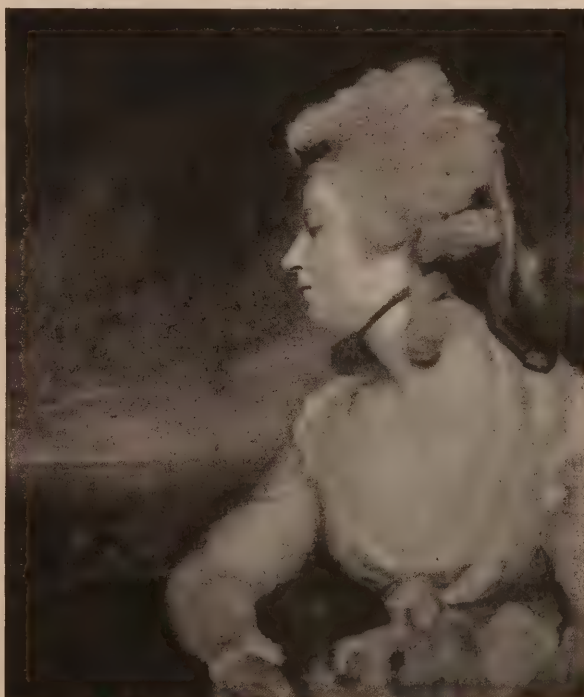
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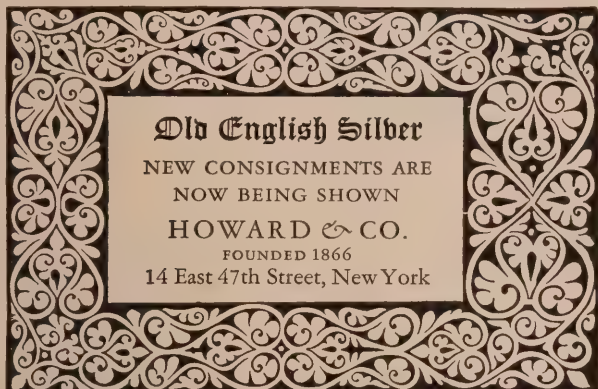
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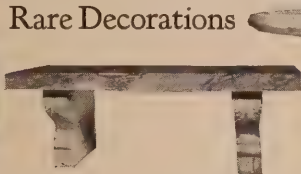
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Oct. 1	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris
Oct. 2	Quebec	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier
Oct. 2	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United-American	Thuringia
Oct. 3	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Cassandra
Oct. 3	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
Oct. 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
Oct. 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric
Oct. 4	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Cameronia
Oct. 4	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Antonia
Oct. 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Laconia
Oct. 4	Quebec	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia
Oct. 4	New York	Hamburg	Southampton	United-American	Albert Ballin
Oct. 4	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	George Washington
Oct. 7	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Arabic
Oct. 7	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau
Oct. 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania
Oct. 8	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France
Oct. 8	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France
Oct. 9	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland
Oct. 9	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn
Oct. 10	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Cunard	Saturnia
Oct. 10	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare
Oct. 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric
Oct. 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic
Oct. 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia
Oct. 11	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Tuscania
Oct. 11	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Ansonia
Oct. 11	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Albania
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Oct. 17	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montreal
Oct. 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic
Oct. 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic
Oct. 18	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Cunard	Columbia
Oct. 18	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia
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Oct. 22	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America
Oct. 23	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zeeland
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Oct. 25	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic
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Oct. 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Aurania
Oct. 25	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Lancastria
Oct. 25	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Cleveland
Oct. 25	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Harding
Oct. 28	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	United-American	Resolute
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Jan. 24, 1925—The Mediterranean. S.S. Homeric. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.
- Jan. 24, 1925—Around South America, Panama Canal, West Coast, Straits of Magellan, East Coast. S.S. Resolute. Arranged by Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

Jan. 29, 1925—Mediterranean Cruise de Luxe. S.S. Scythia. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.

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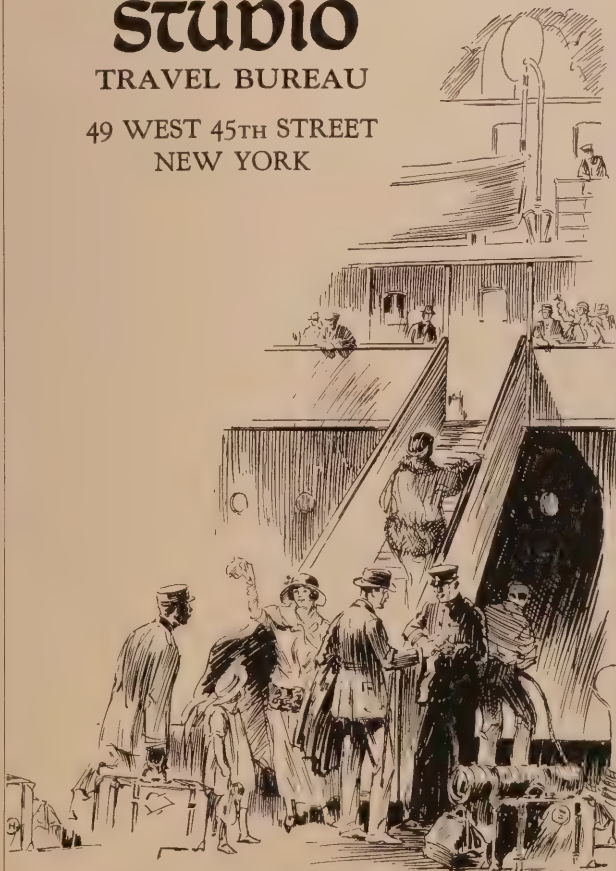
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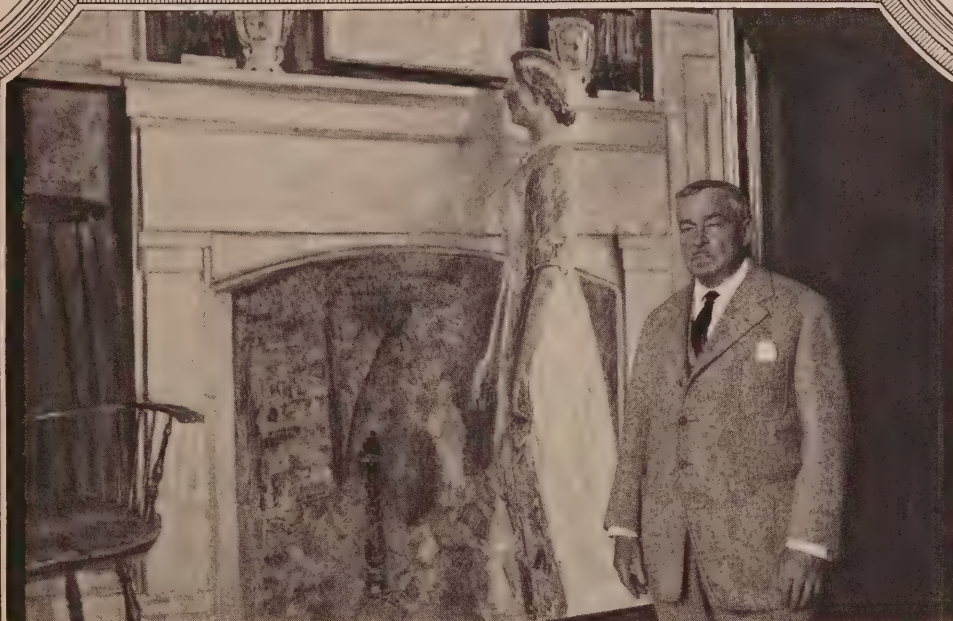
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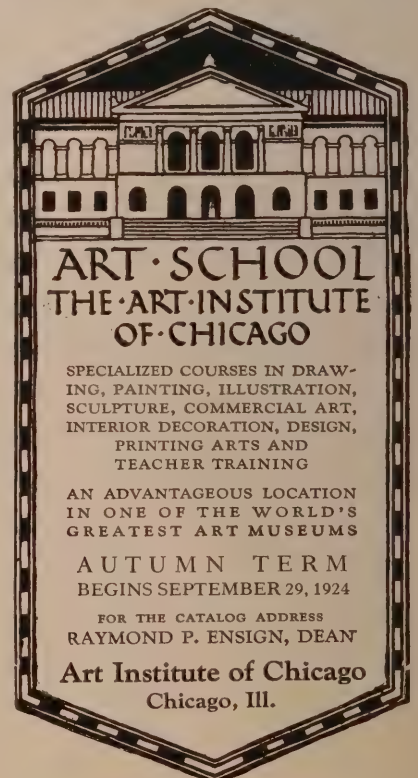
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